

LM

#2

VHS LIVES!

SPANNING THE DEPTHS OF THE OBSCURE AND ESOTERIC!

LUNCHMEAT

BLOOD! TERROR! BABES! MONSTERS!

LURKING INSIDE...

LUIGI COZZI: SPAGHETTI SPACE-BOY!

A TASTE OF WISHMAN BLOOD!

A.I.P. CROSSWORD!

AND OTHER SURPRISES!

**VHS REVIEWS GALORE!
DIG IN FIENDS!**



...ring eye that unleashes
 ...ing howl on a
 screaming world!

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It will scare you to pieces

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"THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLER"

VIDEO TREASURES

But your Teeth Are in Me

JACK MacGOWRAN - SHARON TATE - ALICE BASS - FRANK MAYNE

THE EVIL DEAD

GOODTIMES

Starring BRUCE CAMPBELL ELLEN SANDWICH HAL DELRICH BETSY BAKER SARAH

GREETINGS, EARTHBORNS!!!

It doesn't seem that long ago that Ted and I welcomed you to our first issue. Be that as it may, I find myself inviting you guys and ghouls back into our little world ready to share with you the wonders that we have been drilling our eyes into over the past few months. It has been utterly and truly invigorating to find that there are indeed other grossly perfervid VHS heads out there that share our passion for this format and realize just how awesome it really is. On that note, Ted and I would like to offer our sincere gratitude to all of you who have made doing this zine an absolute delight. We have continued to meet countless awesome people, discover more and more fantastic films and just have a ton of fun in general. We are having a blast.

In our last issue we planned on stacking up more VHS reviews, shelling out more articles and throwing in some original fiction into the mix. Well, we certainly did the first two, but the fiction is absent from this issue. That is because we will be publishing another little something called *The Evilspeak*. This work will be all original fiction with accompanying illustrations from some really outstanding artists. It is currently in the works and we hope to have it out sooner than later. So, if you order a Lunchmeat and you would like a copy, your address will be put into the archives and we will be sure to send one out to you once it is all ready. You can look forward to that. Until then, don't forget to keep those damn eyelids peeled and glued! (JS)

Lunchmeat would like to thank the following people for being exemplary individuals and excellent friends: Jonathan Canady, Matt "Dickbutt" Smith, Bob and Cherie Schafer and Ted and Susie Gilbert (superior parental units), Joe Moe, Orion Landau, Madmartigan AKA: The Doctor, Blythe and Gunnar Ronge, Louis Justin, Tyler Bilek, Lou Rusconi and Vince Cornelius.

Email questions, comments, suggestions, or just say hello at Lunchmeatvhs@gmail.com

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MALE VAMPIRE
HEMOHOLIC



MATT SMITH
LAYOUT, MISSED DEADLINES



BANDAGED HEAD
"MMMMPH!!!"

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN (1957) AIP

Director - Herbert L. Strock

Screenplay - Herman Cohen/Aben Kandel

RCA/Columbia Home Video (1991)

It's no secret that AIP has managed to bring us some of the most cherished and resounding low-budget horror films known to man; and for this ardent cinephile, this slab of schlock cinema firmly resides at the top of that immense list. Released about 5 months after its hugely successful predecessor *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, this take on the well-known narrative poses Professor Frankenstein sent abroad as a guest lecturer at an American college. The bulk of his theories are deemed brilliant, but he is slated by one of his peers as he proclaims that he can indeed create a man from collected parts. Dr. Karlton, Frankenstein's esteemed colleague, rebukes the gentleman and an apology is offered for the brash statement. Frankenstein openly invites the disbeliever to cling to his skepticism. Frankenstein vows to hold to his beliefs.

In light of his undying support, Frankenstein elects Karlton to be his trusty assistant in what should prove to be the most important experiment in his career as a scientist: the creation of a man. Not just a man, but a youthful and spry man. Of course, Karlton is a bit reluctant, but Frankenstein's persistence and persuasion overpower Karlton's will and the deal is sealed. As luck would have it, opportunity comes a-knocking in the form of a cacophonous clattering that is the unmistakable sound of a head-on collision. This prompts both gentlemen to dart outside and find out just what happened. Being the resourceful man that he is, Frankenstein quickly grabs up one of the teenage corpses that was launched from one of the vehicles. The body is severely mutilated and burned, but the professor is well prepared as he already has some spare parts gathered. What a guy, huh?! The deprived duo then slides the cadaver into a storage unit for safe keeping until they are ready to move forward.

We are then introduced to Margaret (played by Phyllis Coates of *Lois Lane* fame) who is absolutely smitten with Professor Frankenstein. She is easily convinced to become his secretary as he alludes to the fact that he will make her his wife in return. She will now double as his fiancé and his faithful watchdog. As Frankenstein and Karlton toil tirelessly over the corpse, Karlton becomes worried about the spare parts they had to remove from the dead body. Frankenstein is quick to mitigate his anxiety as he chucks the leftover flesh into his underground alligator pit! Yes, indeed! Now in need of some relatively new operable appendages, the boys mosey on over to the local cemetery and are most selective in their grave robbing only digging up the finest athletes for their amalgamated man. Now fully assembled, the teenage monster speaks after some stern encouragement. This is the scene where the ever famous line spews forth: "Speak! I know you have a civil tongue in your head because I sewed it back myself." Not only do we learn that this monster is articulate, but he also possesses feeling as he sheds a tear. We do indeed have a very sensitive teenager on our hands.

This is where Margaret starts to get curious about what her hubby-to-be is up to exactly. She asks a few questions and makes a joke that goes off like a fart in church and Frankenstein slaps the shit out of her. He quickly apologizes and she offers him a perfunctory acceptance. That slap in the face must have knocked something loose as she is now superbly interested in her fiancé's work and is determined to find out what is going on behind those closed doors. She takes a depression of the lock, has a key made and makes her way into the lab. She meets the abomination face to face and runs screaming in terror.

Frankenstein, unaware that his bride-to-be is on to him, continues cultivating and molding his creation with rigorous workouts and vitamin supplements. Being the teenager that he is, the monster demands to know why he cannot leave the underground lab. In response, Frankenstein removes the bandages and reveals to the monster his hideous face. Enraged by this, the monster goes out on campus and inadvertently kills a girl. He is seen running from the scene and a buzz begins about a deformed killer stalking the campus. When the cops come around and start asking questions Frankenstein keeps them at bay. His wife assures him that his secret is safe with her, but the professor isn't



BODY OF A BOY!
MIND OF A MONSTER!
SOUL OF AN UNEARTHLY THING!



taking any chances. He has his monster do his dirty work and rewards him with a new face. Now the man is complete. The tricky part is getting him back over to England. It's quite simple; if Frankenstein can assemble him, he can disassemble him. Only the teenage monster isn't keen on going back to basics.

This movie is arguably the king of 50's B-monster flicks. And to be quite honest, it's downright criminal that this hasn't received a DVD release yet. That's not to say having it on VHS is all that bad. I was lucky enough to score the "Drive-in Classics" edition off of eBay; it has some marvelous trailers before the feature such as *Machine Gun Kelly*, *It Conquered the World*, *Female Jungle* and, of course, *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. It also has the suddenly color ending that is gimmicky, but electrifying nonetheless! And even though all of that is totally awesome, one question remains: What does a guy have to do to get an *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* - *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* Midnite Movie double bill DVD? Until that glorious day arrives, I will be hanging out with my VCR all night long. What else is new, right? (JS)

PRIMAL SCREAM (1987)

Director: William Murray

Screenwriter: William Murray

Magnum Entertainment (1988)

Sci-fi and mystery are two genres that tend to make any other genre more interesting (take the sci-fi horrors of David Cronenberg or the gothic mystery novels of the 19th century), so it seems natural that this sci-fi mystery should be a lot of fun if nothing else, right? Well, the movie does have its moments but unfortunately they are in no way related to the sci-fi or mystery aspects which are trivial in the case of the first and outrageously convoluted in the case of the second.

The plot is based around a private detective named Corby McHale who receives an assignment from a mysterious woman named Kat. It is never quite clear what the assignment really is, not that the secrecy is a plot device - I just think the writers didn't actually know. The assignment is related to a young couple that was murdered, a space station that was blown up, and a massive cover-up conspiracy, but to figure out how they all fit together would require way more viewings than this film warrants. There are a few major pieces of the story that are obvious, mainly that the government is developing a new fuel source called Hellfire. The problem with Hellfire is that when it is in its unstable form it causes humans to fry from the inside out until they are nothing but dust (don't get too excited - while the premise is fun the effects are pretty lackluster). We know that there is a corporate / government conspiracy involved but we never really know what they are interested in. Meanwhile, characters continue to die from Hellfire poisoning but it's not always clear why they are being killed. To make things even more complicated there is a love triangle (or is it a quadrangle?) thrown in to the mix. Good luck sifting through that! As for the outer space elements of the plot - we're there for the first five minutes and we never return. Beyond some superficial talk about the happenings around the solar system, this could have just as easily taken place in the present and without any space stations. Apparently the movie was set in 1993, only six years ahead of its release, so they really didn't even try for a futuristic set design. However, this may make the movie better off because the heavy 80s vibe is the film's most redeeming quality.

In the most memorable murder scene a young couple is impaled through a bed while making love, but this is blatantly "borrowed" from a scene in *Friday the 13th Part 2* which was "borrowed" from a scene in *Mario Dava's Bay of Blood* and as you can guess the scene in this movie achieves far less effect than either of its predecessors. Kenneth McGregor plays the cliché private eye; he is cynical, sleazy, and doesn't trust anyone, and it is complete with the standard narrative voice over. He does it with some style, however, and the dialogue is surprisingly snappy. I can't do a whole lot in the way of recommending this movie except to point out that the actors seem to be having a lot of fun in their roles which is at least endearing. Nonetheless, if you're looking for a quality story, or even just one that won't frustrate the hell out of you, then this is not your movie. (TG)

An Extra-Terrestrial Energy Source...
A Deadly Cover-Up...
The Future of Mankind
Hangs in the Balance.



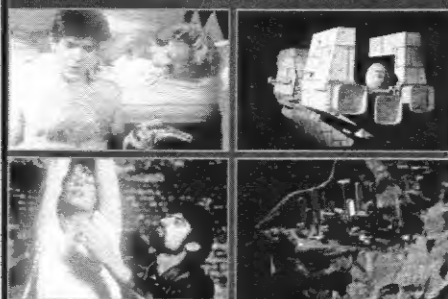
KAT PRODUCTIONS Presents "PRIMAL SCREAM" • A HOWARD FOLKROD Production
Starring KENNETH J. MCGREGOR • SHARON MASON • JULIE MILLER with JON MALICE • JOSEPH WHITE
Director of Photography DENNIS PETERS • Music By MARK KNOK • Edited By KEITH J. REAMER
Associate Producers ANN HORNE FOLKROD • BRUCE LIDIA • FRANK MASCARO • CHRISTOPHER HARTNETT
Produced By HOWARD FOLKROD • Written and Directed By WILLIAM MURRAY • A LUNAR FILM

MAGNUM
Entertainment

R
RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires
accompanying parent
or adult guardian

AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ENERGY
SOURCE. A DEADLY COVER-UP.
THE FUTURE OF MANKIND
HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

PRIMAL
SCREAM



Corby McHale's on an ex-cop in a little trouble with the law. But what he doesn't know is that his troubles are just beginning.

The year is 1993. EARTH's fuel sources are rapidly decaying. A recently established top-secret government project regarding the deep space mining of a revolutionary new energy source is underway—Independently financed and protected at any cost by a mysterious corporation whose motives may not be as pure as a quilltip public is led to believe. Code named: HELLFIRE, this new energy source in its stable form is 100% manageable—no fallout, no acid rain, no ill effects. In its unstable form, however, HELLFIRE is capable of igniting human flesh and completely disintegrating the body.

After underground protests against its use result in the brutal murder of a high ranking corporate executive, the corporation's own motives come under investigation. And Corby McHale is caught right in the middle. ... Up against the rich and ruthless whose power has no limit and who will do anything to protect their deadly secret. The closer McHale gets to the solution, the deadlier the game becomes!

Approximate Running Time: 95 minutes.

MPAA
R
RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires
accompanying parent
or adult guardian

R

MAGNUM
Entertainment

SPARE PARTS (1979)

Director: Rainer Erler

Screenwriter: Rainer Erler

Vidmark Entertainment (1985)

Spare Parts is a movie that tries to be a little more than it should be and in the process ends up being a little bit less than it could be. Despite the misleading American box art which suggests exploitation and sex, this film actually represents Rainer Erler's attempt to use the burgeoning thriller / slasher format as a vehicle for a think piece on the subject of medical research and organ trading. The storyline begins at the marriage of Mike and Monica, our young protagonists, and then quickly fast forwards to their honeymoon. Out of predictably poor judgment the young couple decides to save some cash by stopping at the cheapest motel in town, the Honeymoon Inn. Things start out promising enough from the horror aspect as the film moves into *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* copy mode when Mike is abducted by a strange ambulance and Monica returns to the motel only to discover that the lady who showed them to her room is in on the whole thing. Upon this realization Monica flees and is eventually picked up by a truck driver named Bill. At first Bill doesn't believe Monica's story, taking her as an escapee from a mental institution, furthermore, nothing seems to make sense, Monica and Mike were poor graduate students with no money or value as hostages. These questions form the mystery central to the first part of the story.

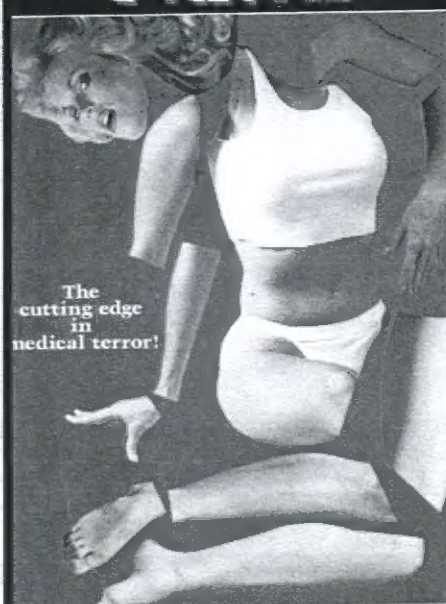
Ultimately Bill sympathizes with Monica and agrees to help her get to the bottom of this strange abduction. The trail of corruption and deceit that they uncover leads them to an underground organ trafficking ring run out of a major hospital and by medical doctors no less. The story is meant to cause viewers to ponder the moral and ethical questions that surround organ transplants, and in particular, the concept of assigning a dollar value to human life and the parts that make up the body.

Despite some sketchy dubbing at times, the acting is solid in this film, especially during the early exchanges between Monica and Mike. Where the movie falls short technically is in the forced manner of much of the narrative and dialogue which actually prevents some scenes from achieving solid suspense. For example, when the ambulance bears down on Monica and Mike, Mike stands oddly still as if it is normal for the ambulance to follow them onto the field, whereas Monica flees immediately in response to some inexplicable premonition as if the character were aware that she was in a slasher film. Many relationships also develop quickly to the point that they seem awkward. On the other hand, despite dragging a bit at the end, the script is generally engaging and there is enough mystery throughout to keep the viewer interested. The character of Monica, a surprisingly strong female figure, is very easy to sympathize with as a foreigner alone in the middle of nowhere and unsure of whom she can trust.

My biggest complaint about this movie is that it is a film about the medical underground and it features NO gore whatsoever. I know that this is a fairly superficial complaint and a stylistic choice first and foremost but regardless, a few well done gore effects would have more than made up for the shortcomings I mentioned earlier, and would also have helped keep the audiences attention towards the end. Perhaps the filmmakers feared that excessive gore would have inhibited the social message that they wanted to convey, (well...) fuck that! Some tasteful, well planned bloodshed could have certainly enhanced their message by bringing the grey area between a person's life and its relationship to the value of their body full circle. I believe this movie was made for TV in Germany (but I'm not sure), if that's true then it is also the most likely explanation for the lack of blood. Nevertheless they didn't shy away from some solid sexploitation when Mike and Monica originally arrived at the motel, so its no excuse as far as I'm concerned.

The feature is the only thing on this release, no trailers, no nothing. This movie was clearly intended to cater to the classic thriller style audience and that is likely who will enjoy it. In terms of presentation and execution it is certainly a step above much of the Foreign straight to video imports from the era, but keep in mind that it also lacks much of the outlandishness that makes those titles fun. (TG)

SPARE PARTS



Starring JUDITH SPEIDEL WOLF ROTH
HERBERT HERMAN CHARLOTTI KERR
CHRISTOPHER LINDERT BOB CUNNINGHAM
Music by EUGENE THOMAS Art Director PAUL KINSLOR
Written, Produced and Directed by RAINER ERLER

THE CUTTING EDGE IN MEDICAL TERROR!"

SPARE PARTS



The Honeymoon Inn isn't the best motel in town. It isn't even the nicest. Or the cheapest. But one thing is certain: the guests never leave unhappy—because they never leave at all! The Honeymoon Inn is actually a motor hotel of mayhem—and a grisly supply house for SPARE PARTS.



Neerlyweds Mike and Monica Shepherd find out for themselves during a tear-fraught and frenzied night of terror. Suspicious arise even as they check in to the roadside and the eccentric night manager expresses more than a casual interest in their backgrounds. Before long a mysterious ambulance begins silently prowling the area. Then Mike is kidnapped by a pair of sadistic medics, thrusting Monica into a nightmare of fear and paranoia. With the help of a skeptical but sympathetic truck driver named Bill, Monica devises a scheme to uncover the secret behind the mysterious motel and Mike's disappearance. What she ultimately finds leads to a ring of corrupt surgeons, an international black market organ bank and carefully calculated, cold-blooded murder!



Travelers beware: Once you've been picked up as an unwilling donor for SPARE PARTS, death is only the beginning!

VMA 2902
1985, 105 minutes, Color

NR

NO RATING

with her knowledge beyond reasoning. Can Marion and his fairy companion overcome generations of evil? The fever paced climax is sure to tell.

Eyes of Fire magically blends together the raw beauty of naturalism with the romance of surreal imagery to create a film quite unlike any other. The script is undeniably engaging and the acting is to be applauded. And considering the relatively minuscule budget, the special effects are beyond comparison. This is mainly to the credit of special effects whiz Tassilo Baur who went on to create even more disturbing delights in such films as *A Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*. This unjustly unnoted film apparently has a Region 3 release, but I am not sure if it's legitimate. Either way, there is no Region 1, so VHS it is. This film is definitely around and you can get it for a reasonable price. If you want to see an awesome film that is its own kind of beast, this is most definitely one to pick up. By the way, *The Blair Witch Project* ripped the shit out of this! (JS)

CREEPY CLASSICS (1987)

Director - Pamela Page

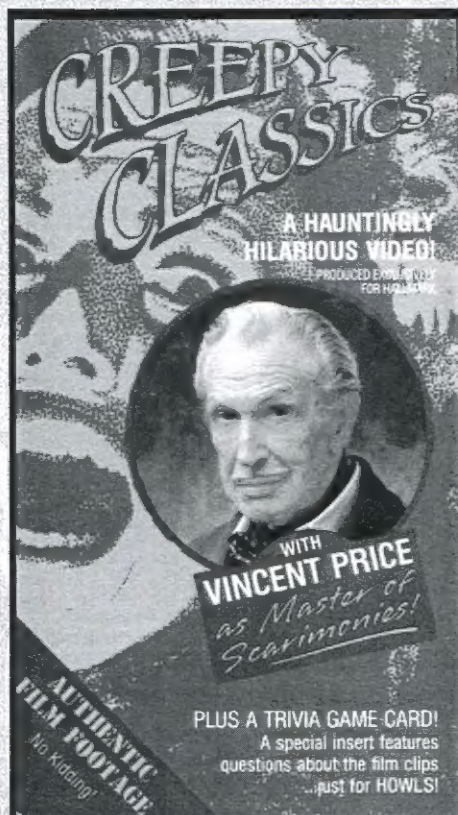
Screenwriter - Scott McCormick

Hallmark (1988)

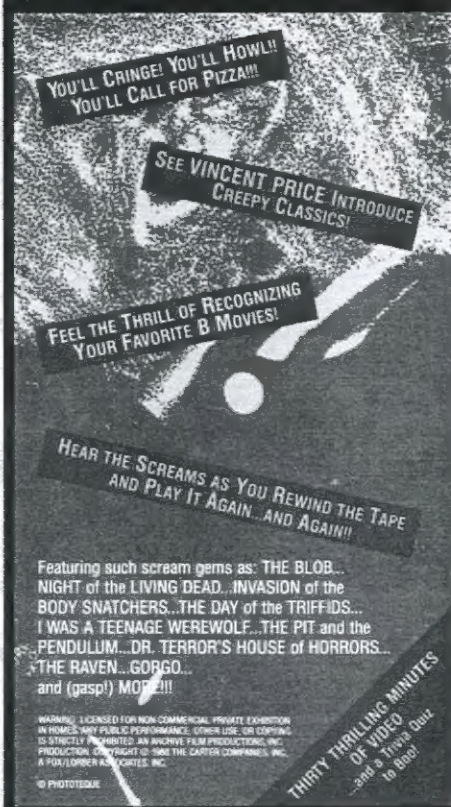
Brought into being exclusively for Hallmark to distribute at Halloween, this collection of terrifying trailers and spooky snippets of film is more fun than a rubber snake at a bingo hall. And it certainly doesn't hurt that it features my main man Vincent Price as the "Master of Scrimonies". We start off with the introduction to the film *Horrors of the Black Museum* that gives us a taste of some unadulterated ballyhoo known as Hypno-Vista. A wave of screaming starlets flow by and we are whisked into the presence of Vincent himself welcoming us to the party. He is quick to give us those lovable moan and groan jokes just before he introduces the next clip which is none other than *Night of the Living Dead*. I was pleasantly surprised with the clips shown. They did a great job presenting the most memorable parts of the film that are sure to entice the unaware or simply urge someone down memory lane.

Vincent continues on with the groaners as clips creep up on us from horror greats such as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* and Vincent's own *The Raven*. *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* gives Vincent ample ammunition for some hand jokes. I bet Christopher Lee was more than glad to lend a... whoa, never mind. The fun certainly doesn't stop there. After a lightning bolt crashes across the screen we are shown even more terrific treats like *Pit and the Pendulum*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (the original, of course) and let us not forget the 1958 classic *The Blob*. Vincent cracks some more teleprompted brain-oozers and then openly admits that sometimes, the trailers for these fright films were as good as the films themselves, if not a little better. This may be true for some, but certainly not for the ones shown here. We get trailers for *Gorgo*, *Day of the Triffids* and the somewhat forgotten classic of stop animation *Dinosaurs*! But wait, there's more! More you ask? Much more! We get a clip from the B classic *The Screaming Skull*, which offers a certificate for a free burial if one should happen to die of fright in this film. Seeing this makes me yearn for that sensational mentality for promoting a picture. Bring back the ballyhoo! Oh, and then there is the pairing of trailers for Bert I. Gordon's timeless films *War of the Colossal Beast* and *Attack of the Puppet People*. I just love Mr. Big; I had the pleasure of meeting him recently and he was most kind and overwhelmingly humble. Go watch all of his movies!

While made only about 5 years prior to his passing, Vincent is as sharp as ever he delivers those macabre puns that never cease to twist my lips into a puerile smile. Any fan of Mr. Price would do themselves well to grab this for their collection. This is most definitely not on DVD and I really do not foresee it being issued on such a format anytime in the future. The front cover of the box advertises a trivia game card, but that must have slipped into another dimension as it is nowhere to be found. You can grab a copy of this fun filled VHS on eBay for about \$5. And in the mighty words of the Renaissance Man himself, "Nothing like a good shiver to bring people closer!" You just can't argue with that! (JS)



A HAUNTINGLY HILARIOUS VIDEO!



TERROR IN THE SWAMP (1985) Martin Folse Prod.

Director - Joe Catalinotto/Martin Folse

Screenwriter - Henry Brien, Martin Folse,

Terry Hebb and, Billy Holliday

New World Video (1985)

Down in the Louisiana bayou, something is lurking. Its tortured growls resonate through the marshes with a formidable intensity. The other animals indigenous to the marshes know something is most certainly awry. Unfortunately, a drunken hunter does not have the intuition that these swamp creatures are endowed with. And that makes him an easy first target for the hideous mutation that skulks around the Copasaw swamp regions.

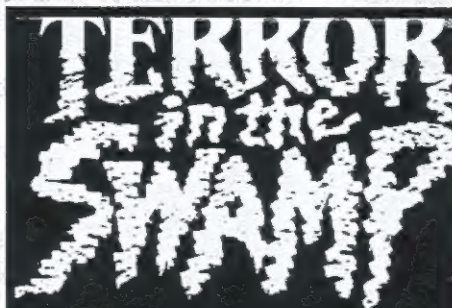
We first catch a glimpse of the hirsute beast as he pounces on the ill-fated hunter and leaves him a maimed mess. The local game warden finds the bloodied corpse and, at first, the authorities are a bit confused as to what could have mutilated the body so intensely. Could it be a gator, maybe a bear? Cue two backwoods (or should I say backmarsh?) brothers named Jesse and T-Bob that are out on what seems to be the usual hunting excursion. While the boys are out on the prowl, they hear those bellowing growls riding through the trees and are scared out of their boots. Clad in soiled overalls and pit-stained shirts, these guys kind of remind me of an 80's WWF tag team that never came into being. They scamper home to tell their moonshine makin' Pop about the noises, but he doesn't believe a word.

As we are sent to a different part of the swamp, it seems that the brother's fears may not be so unfounded. A couple of scientists have been conducting some experiments on the local nutria in order to create a new strain. What's nutria you ask? That is a good question. Honestly, I had to look it up. It seems that the nutria is an animal somewhat similar to a beaver that are indigenous to South America that was imported to Louisiana for the purpose of harvesting their pelts. Somebody let a couple loose in the swamp, and ever since then, they have been running rampant throughout the marsh. See? Sometimes watching direct to video horror flicks can be informative in strange ways! Anyway, the new strain is intended to be much bigger, therefore, producing a larger pelt and a better harvest. Unfortunately, one of the professors mistakenly injected one of the nutria specimens with human hormones; Uh-oh! Sounds like trouble to me!

Word comes back from the medical examiner that the claw marks on the hunter's corpse are indeed from nutria. He doesn't want them blabbing to the locals as hunting season has just opened and he certainly doesn't want any kind of panic breaking out. Little do they know, the scientists have taken it upon themselves to post up a proposition around town that offers a hearty cash reward to anyone bringing in any fur bearing animal over 150 pounds, bears excluded. An elderly man steals the best line here as he posits, "Sounds like bullshit to me!" The fuzz catches wind of this and tears down the posts, but not before a good number of money-hungry hunters are aware of the cash to be had.

Not only does the Nutria-man have the locals coming for his hide, he also has those grubby brothers on his trail. After a satisfying night of laying traps in the wildlife refuge (are these dudes great or what?!) they drink a jug o' shine with their Pop and their good friend Bubba in celebration. The power goes out, and their Pop goes out to fix it only to be mangled by the beast. Jesse, the more commanding of the two brothers, vows that he will avenge his Dad's death with the help of their buddy Bubba.

The cops bring in some Green Berets for reinforcements and scour the swamp in search for the unruly beast. The brothers and Bubba are also on the hunt as they navigate through the slough. The scientists have decided to abscond with the help of the local swamp hag as their guide. The cops have been after them for questioning, and they want to skip town until this all blows over. Unfortunately for them, the swamp hag doesn't exactly have both paddles in the water if you are picking up what I am putting down. The boys (save T-Bob, he got tired and had to take a rest) end up in a little shack where they have hidden some dynamite they stole from the local drilling company. The Nutria-man approaches and the boys



Deep within the swamp
breeds a larger than life horror...
and there is no escape.



Starring BILLY HOLLIDAY

DEEP WITHIN THE SWAMP
BREEDS A LARGER
THAN LIFE HORROR...
AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



A lone airship glides peacefully along the smooth
unpolluted waters of the bayous. But this tranquil
scene will soon be shattered by a terror breeding deep
within the Louisiana swamps—a living, breathing terror
as massive and twisted as the mangroves and as vicious
and carnivorous as the swamp alligators.
The local authorities coordinate a desperate all-out
offensive to rid the marshlands of this murderous
force. But what they encounter in the dampest, darkest
corners of the swamp is a larger-than-life horror—a
wild mutant, a freak of nature, a grotesque half-man,
half-beast lashing out with all the rage of a trapped and
wounded animal. And from this TERROR IN THE SWAMP
—there is NO ESCAPE!

Color—Running Time 87 Minutes

MARTIN FOLSE PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents "TERROR IN THE SWAMP"
Starring BILLY HOLLIDAY CHUCK RUSH CHUCK LONG
RAY SAADIE FLOYD DUPLATIN
CLAUDIA WOOD GERALD DAIGLE
Aerial Director—J.W. CORREY FORNIEF
Introducing MICHAEL TEDESCO as "T-BOB"
Written by TERRY HEBB and MARTIN FOLSE Adaptation by HENRY BRIEN
Story by BILLY HOLLIDAY
Produced by MARTIN FOLSE Executive Producer MARTIN FOLSE
Directed by JOE CATALANOTTO
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set their sights. But the cops see some movement and are quick to pull their triggers. See what happens when you steal dynamite and hide it in a swamp?

Filmed entirely on location in Houma, Louisiana, this is a pretty straightforward creature on the loose flick. It's campy and fun and certainly right on the mark if you are looking for some authentic 80's direct to video ecstasy. The acting is a bit wooden, but you can sense the effort put forth and it inspires you to press on and actually enjoy the film. So, all in all, nothing too special, but it is definitely worth a look. This puppy is not on DVD, so you will have to track down the VHS. My copy offers a *Def-con 4* trailer, but is bare bones otherwise. This is great video to find at a flea market as the prices on eBay can get ridiculously expensive. If you see it around for a few bucks or less, pick it up. It'll be a worthy addition to any cinephile's collection. I guar-uhn-tee!! (JS)

MEATEATER (1979)

Director: Derek Savage

Screenwriter: George Caldwell, Damon Fuller, Derek Savage

Video Treasures (1986)

The *Meateater* is best described as a Ted V. Mikels style take on *Phantom of the Opera*. Mitford Webster (Peter Spitzer) is a middle aged man bored with his mundane life as a shoe salesman. Things seem to be changing in his favor, however, when a real estate company accepts his bid on an old abandoned movie theatre. Mitford and his family open the theatre and it seem to be going great until some strange things start to happen. First an odd, clearly psychotic, old man keeps popping into the theatre spewing incoherent, but dire, warnings about the family's new acquisition. Things take a turn for the worse as Raymond (Richard Nathan), the theatre's projectionist is killed in an electrical accident during one of the features and a decayed corpse is found strung up behind the screen. While investigating this accident Mitford's wife stumbles on a back room serving as a shrine to the 1930s actress and Hollywood's original sex symbol, Jean Harlow. At this point it is obvious that this wholesome theatre isn't quite what it seems. As it turns out, there is a lonely deranged man lurking behind the scenes. He feeds on dead rats and harbors an extremely unhealthy obsession for the aforementioned actress. Unfortunately the Websters' sexy teenage daughter, Jeanie, bears an uncanny resemblance to Harlow and the theatre's extra tenant won't rest until she's his.

This movie is full of plenty of fun, campy, schlock. All of the characters are present; the sleazy and ineffective detective, the concerned family man, and the crazy old guy (to whom I have already alluded). The movie never gets really gory; however, there are a few moments that will satisfy fans of H.G. Lewis' brand of bloody excess.

What makes this movie just a hair more entertaining than the genre's comparable offerings are the clever little subtexts that run through the dialog. For example, all of the characters have an unhealthy obsession with meat products. Mrs. Webster comes off as a bit too proud of the "wieners" she sells at the concession stand, while The G-rated animal documentary that the theatre runs harks not-so-subtly on the role of the food chain. One reviewer even points out that the way Mitford pronounces theatre sounds like the-ATE-er; I, however, just found this pronunciation annoying. At the risk of making too far of a leap here, one could argue that this family's obsession creates some comedic irony by aligning them with the freak, who also eats meat and nurtures an obsession. Some of the same playful irony occurs when the audience realizes they are watching a movie about a family who owns a movie theatre wherein a freak obsessed with a movie star resides. These subtexts ultimately have little substance; yet they carry the viewer through an otherwise mundane story.


This VHS edition is easy to find and appears to be the only one readily available. According to IMDb this movie was also given a U.S. video release under the title *Blood Theatre*, but I have yet to come across one. Barely any members of the cast and crew have been involved in any other projects. These amateur productions seem to make for some of the most genuinely fun B-horror gems (see *Lunchmeat* featured in issue 1) and this little oddity is no exception. (TG)

A Tasty Horror Film!



THE MEATEATER

A TASTY HORROR FILM




STARRING ARCH JOBOULIAN • DIANNE DAVIS
DIRECTED BY DEREK SAVAGE • **PRODUCED BY** RICHARD TASSE

A demented and disfigured hermit lives in an old, abandoned theater where he commits a series of macabre murders. In his anger and twisted love for Jean Harlow, he attempts to murder the theater owner's daughter, believing her to be his silver-screen fantasy.

Color 84 Min. 1986 Active Home Video

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TSBN 1-55529-249-6

HOUSE OF THE LONG SHADOWS MGM/UA (1983)

Director - Pete Walker

Screenwriter - Michael Armstrong

MGM/UA Home Video

It would be hard for one to imagine the elation that came over me when I found out that this movie existed. The very idea of John Carradine, Peter Cushing, the towering Christopher Lee and the majestic Vincent Price (the only film where all of these men appear together) all sharing the screen exchanging morbid quips and sharp glances propelled me into a search that finally rewarded me with a film that is sure to please any fan of the aforementioned formidable foursome. And did I mention this was Pete Walker's final film? Based on the novel *Seven Keys to Baldpate* by Earl Derr Biggers, Britain's wayward auteur takes this story and dishes out an adept blend of horror, intrigue and comedy in this admirable swansong. Perhaps I had better start from the beginning.

Desi Arnaz Jr. gives a rather distant and unconvincing performance as Kenneth Magee: a cocky, money-grubbing and successful novelist on his way into the city for a run of promotional appearances for his newest novel. Seems he is going to have to do a bit more than the usual round as his book didn't get off the gate so well. Maybe it's the fact that his book is entitled "The Lie" and has a picture of the Statue of Liberty bursting off of the front? His publisher, Sam Allyson (played by Richard Todd in his final role), picks up Magee and drives into town where they sit down over some lunch and discuss how writing just isn't what it used to be. Allyson yearns for written words akin to Dickens and Tolstoy and applauds *Wuthering Heights* in all of its brooding intensity. But Magee thinks it's all over the top; just a bunch of people letting their imagination go bananas. He then dares to posit that he can whip up one of those gothic pieces of cake in twenty-four hours. And just like that, the \$20,000 bet is set. Sam sends Magee out to a long abandoned manor by the name of Ellyddpaetwr (that's pronounced Bald-pate) to find some seclusion and atmosphere for his impending novel.

On his way up to the manor the skies thicken with dark clouds and spew torrential rains and spit lightning. The score to this film is rather good and sets the tone perfectly as he proceeds through the nasty weather. After a stop into a dubious train station, he picks up some directions from the station manager who also doesn't hesitate to offer a grave warning about the house. Magee plays it casual and adds a bit of levity to the situation as he brushes off the warnings like cookie crumbs. He presses on and finally arrives upon the menacing manor. All the usual suspects are present: cobwebbed statues of sedate figures, antique furniture sleeping under dust covers and the plausible air of vacancy. Magee ascends the stairs and sets up shop in a candlelit room and begins to pound out his notions on his typewriter. He breaks from the machine and finds that clocks are free of dust and the bed clothes are fresh. There's something funny going on 'round here. Magee is determined to find out.

Magee first stumbles into John Carradine and Sheila Keith (a Pete Walker regular) and they claim to be the father and daughter pair serving as the caretakers of the manor. Things get even wackier when he unmasks a woman that is none other than the pretty girl that caught his eye while at lunch with Sam back in the city. She magically knows his name and she feverishly exclaims that he must leave immediately and that his life is in serious danger; a terrorist organization is out for his blood. Magee is no fool, though. He sniffs out the ploy, dismisses her and overhears her on the phone apprising Sam of the debacle. But wait, Sam says there are no caretakers. Bum-bah- baaaa: intrigue! One by one, the remaining maestros of horror arrive to the manor and start to collect on the main floor. Peter Cushing arrives and claims his automobile fell into disrepair and is seeking shelter from the storm. Cushing puts on a speech impediment that is rather charming; it fits his anxious and timid character to a T. Next up, it is Mr. Vincent Price himself who has, in my humble opinion, the best entrance in the film. His ominous shadow climbs the wall as he enters and declares his return as it is punctuated by a fierce thunder clap. Price takes the best line in the film easily as he gracefully demands: "Please do not interrupt me whilst I am soliloquizing!" The plot continues on taking twists and turns and



ROOM FOR EVERY NIGHTMARE...
A NIGHTMARE IN EVERY ROOM

Price. Lee. Cushing. Carradine.
The screen's greatest gruesome foursome!



Lightning. Thunder. Torrential rain. A castle on the moors. Clattering shutters. Creaking doors. A locked attic. A sinister secret. Murder. All the ingredients of the classic horror-suspense tale come together in this tongue-in-cheek thriller, *House of the Long Shadows*.

When a young novelist played by Desi Arnaz, Jr. spends a night at Baldpate Manor to win a bet that he can turn out a best-selling thriller in 24 hours, he gets more than he bargains on. The grizzly Grisbane clan arrives to celebrate the 40th anniversary of a ghastly family secret. And their dinner party has murder

on the menu! With Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and John Carradine—the high priests of horror—together under one gothic roof for the first (and perhaps the last) time, *House of the Long Shadows* is a witty blend of gore and comedy. Wickedly entertaining, with more than one trick ending up its sleeve, *House of the Long Shadows* is horror fans' heaven! "A fun film...a maze of misleads...and shock effects which the assembled Masters glide through with all the elegant menace at their command." (Screen International)

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PG PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

MGM/UA
HOME VIDEO

keeps the audience guessing. But let us not forget about Christopher Lee. His entrance is majestic as he plays the austere and formidable gentleman that he portrays oh so well. He claims he is to buy the property and, naturally, saw the lights and got curious. After a few immediate questions, it seems that there is a family reunion of sorts going on, and this family is one of shame and dishonor. Tonight is the night that shame and dishonor is divulged.

This is such a delightful film for any horror fan. With a cast like this, it's hard to miss. Walker's directing is quality and the atmosphere is dead on for this kind of flick. And it's all bound together by stellar performances from the players. The four masters of horror shine and are truly the main reason this film is so enjoyable. And, sure, this film has a formula, but it's that superior execution within the formula that makes this movie so damn good. I personally like the ending a great deal. If you get confused about the ending, remember he is writing a novel! I have seen this for sale on DVD through a website or two, but I highly doubt that it is legit. If I were you, I would go with the VHS (no surprise there!). It comes in a sweet big box with a flip top. Awesome! I just wish that MGM would put this on a Midnite-Movies double bill with From a Whisper to a Scream. Now that would be a treat. (JS)

MURDER WEAPON (1989)

Cinema Home Video

Director: David DeCoteau

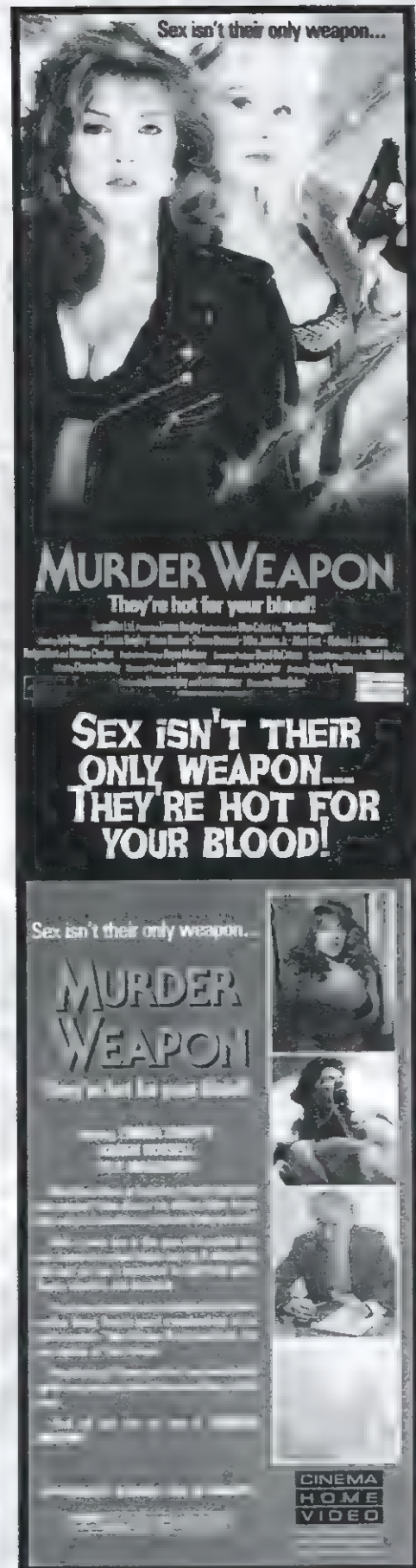
Screenwriter: Ross Perron

Cinema Home Video (1990)

A low budget Linnea Quigley produced cheese-fest, *Murder Weapon* undoubtedly has its audience. The film's gimmick is a role reversal story-line in which Dawn (Quigley) and Amy (Karen Russell) have a party to celebrate their release from a psychiatric ward (Dawn got out by blackmailing the weak male psychiatrists with sex). They invite over all of their ex-boyfriends, a group of studs that includes the usual assortment of jocks and preppies as well as a metalhead who plays in the aptly named Chainsaws. One by one the guys start biting the dust in gruesome fashion. The survivors become paranoid as they wonder whether the killer is one of them, one of the girls, or a hit operation involving Amy's mafia-affiliated father. Thanks to some ridiculous, but somewhat comical, flashbacks to the hospital (along with the tagline on the box) the viewer has a slightly better idea of what's going on.

As one would expect there is plenty of nudity here, however, readers will be happy to learn that the quality of the gore effects holds up also. The story is about as flat as the acting, but the gore gags and the nude scenes manage to drive the film along and fortunately the filmmakers had enough sense to end the movie before it outstays its welcome. The score sounds like it could have been lifted straight from a porno of the same time period (and it may have been); this combined with cardboard acting, liberal amounts of nudity, and sloppy cinematography has you half-expecting a hard-core sex scene to break out a few times.

The general early 90's atmosphere of the film has some entertainment and nostalgia value. Fans of Linnea will certainly be interested in checking this out but I doubt too many would feel compelled to watch it twice. I would file this one under the solid drinking movie folder but I'd still wait until you were more than a few deep. (TG)



GIRLFRIEND FROM HELL (1990)

Director - Dan Peterson

Screenwriter - Dan Peterson

International Video Entertainment (1990)

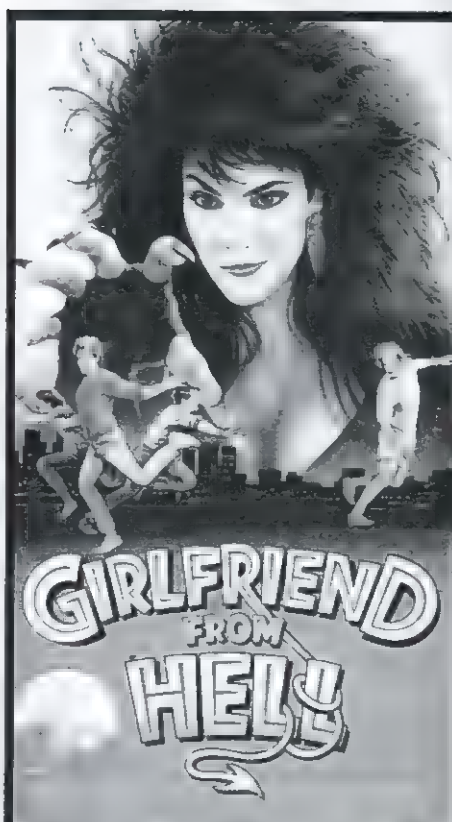
Even though this movie was released in 1990, it still functions exactly like a veritable 80's comedy/horror from start to finish. And who doesn't love those, right? Either way, God has hired a hit man by the name of "Chaser" (played by Dana Ashbrook of Twin Peaks fame). Chaser is a whiskey-swiggling, prurient dead man that has been on a mission for the past couple of hundred years to try and bump off the devil. He gives pursuit through other dimensions and fires at her (that's right, I said her!) with his oversized laser. The Devil takes form of a snake and he gets a dead-on shot which casts her back into the realm of uncertain destination.

While the battle between good and evil is ensuing in an alternate dimension, the lovely couple Diane and David are on their way to pick up their nebbishy and awkward friend Maggie for her blind date with Carl who is just as equally socially inept (look for James Karen as Carl's Dad in a risible bit about how to get women). The group is meeting up over at Alice and Rocco's place for Rocco's birthday bash. Alice and Rocco are hilarious as the stereotypical abusive couple as they bicker back and forth about the "stupid" party and Alice clobbers Rocco twice before the guests even arrive! The party gets started but we don't exactly see fireworks between Maggie and Carl. Just as all hope seems lost, a red beam of light shoots into Maggie and she becomes possessed by the Devil herself. Chaser catches up quick, but he is kneed in the nuts and thrown in the closet for later. Now this is where the party really starts. The nerdy and homely Maggie gets an evil makeover and she is smoking hot and ready for a night out on the town. She grabs up Carl - who is pleasantly surprised with the sudden alterations - and hops in the drivers seat and takes off like a bat out of hell en route to the restaurant. This next sequence has to be my personal favorite in the movie as Maggie swerves off of the road and does her best to take out a group of nuns. After dodging the attack, the sisters open fire on the car complete with machine guns and a rocket launcher. Have you ever seen a nun fire a rocket launcher? Man, you should.

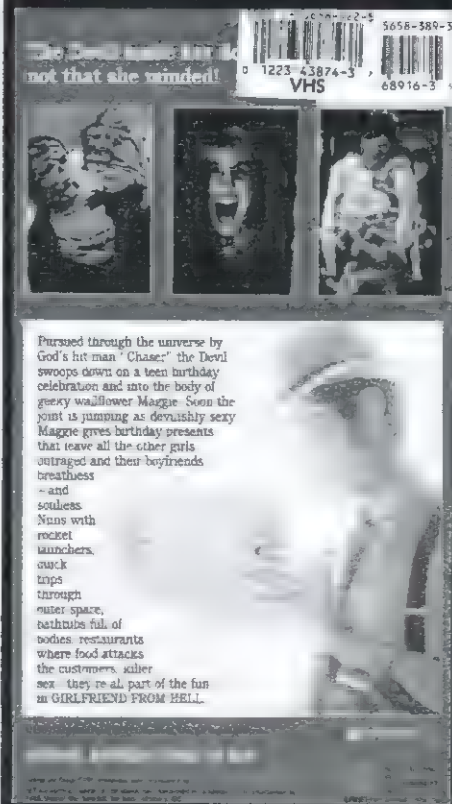
After one hell of a car ride, Maggie waltzes into the eatery and secures a table as she re-animates a cooked lobster and it attacks the poor guy that was about to devour it. As they all sit down, Diane's Christian friends show up and Maggie spouts off more indecent and blasphemous lines in between chugging a couple bottles of wine. After realizing that this dump doesn't serve tequila, she bolts with Carl and they encounter some bruisers in an alley. Maggie possesses Carl and he kicks the shit out of one of the hooligans which makes for quite an amusing encounter. They stroll back to the house and Maggie proceeds to literally suck the life out of him upstairs in the bathroom as the rest of the gang listens from below. But Maggie isn't finished yet; she is hungry for more and continues to seduce and suck the souls from the remaining dudes at the party by giving them the ride of their life.

After the remaining party goers run and hide, Chaser finally wakes up and saves David and Diana from Maggie's clutches. David is knocked unconscious in the altercation and it gives Chaser a chance to give Diana a little background story and insight as to what the hell is really going on. Come to find out, Chaser has a bit of history with the Devil. Unbeknownst to him, he was getting down and dirty with her years back and his charming ways (and his ability in the sack) made her fall in love with him. God called him to his office and apprised him that he was indeed sticking to it the devil and Chaser had to refrain from any further fornication. Of course, the Devil got pissed and there has been a romantic tension since. Aside from that, we find out even though there are three corpses in the bathroom, there is still a chance for Maggie to give back the souls. How to make her do so seems to be the pertinent question. Let's just hope that Chaser still has some of that charm and, ahem, "ability" that he once did.

This movie is laugh out loud funny nearly the whole way through. The jokes are fun, and there is an abundance of slapstick humor that



THE DEVIL MADE HER DO IT...
NOT THAT SHE MINDED!



always gets me chuckling (the part where Maggie leads Rocco into the wall is hilarious). Throw in an ample amount of amusing profanity, impressive stunt work, one exploding car and a super-cute antagonist in a mini-skirt, and you have this sadly overlooked comedy horror gem. You won't find this on DVD, but there are a few VHS versions to choose from that are fairly easy to come by. The version I own comes complete with trailers for both *Happy Together* and *Watchers II* (nice marketing, huh?). Bottom line: this movie is a ton of fun. Watch it one night with *Galactic Gigolo* and *Weird Science*; just don't forget your neon trimmed wayfarers and checkerboard high-tops! (JS)

NIGHT OF THE DEMON (1980)

Director: James C. Wasson

Screenwriter: Mike Williams

VCII Incorporated (1983)

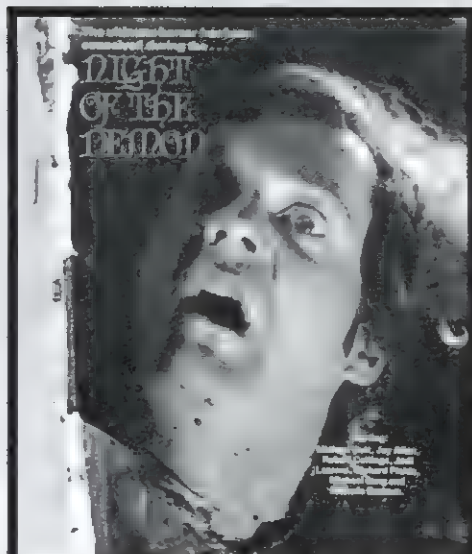
Not to be confused with the seminal possession film *Night of the Demons* (1988), *Night of the Demon* is a highly entertaining micro-budget entry into the Bigfoot subgenre. The main narrative concerns a group of anthropology students and their professor who embark on a trip into the woods to follow up on a bizarre series of killings that have taken place in the area. The same mysterious circumstances surround each of the deaths and rumors of a Bigfoot-like monster lurking in the forest abound. However, the evidence is always covered up and the murders are never explained. The investigation leads to some disturbing conclusions about the back-woods inhabitants and some of their superstitious beliefs.

First and foremost *Night of the Demon* is a fun drive-in style gore movie that totally delivers. The screenplay shamelessly maximizes the number of killings by continually cutting to flashbacks of past murders as the professor tells his students about them during the main narrative (which is itself a flashback to begin with). While this technique makes the film less fluid and removes us from the plot and its main characters, it certainly gives us plenty of memorable effects and outrageous death scenes, and who are we kidding, that's what these movies are really all about. Most of the death sequences are quite original and all of them are totally over the top and feature plenty of blood and loose flesh.

The acting is appropriately inept throughout most of the film with the exception of the Crazy Wanda character (Melanie Graham). Crazy Wanda is a psychologically disturbed girl who lives deep in the woods and is said by the townsfolk to have gone crazy after giving birth to a deformed child. Wanda is totally creepy; Graham plays her with a hunched-over body language and a blankness of expression that screams psychopath, but also evokes some sympathy. Not to say that the movie is otherwise void of atmosphere or scares, but the scenes with Wanda actually get some shivers moving up your spine and even make you cringe a bit.

The cinematography is nice for this level of film and there are some picturesque mountain landscapes that are nice to look at. The VCII VHS edition features a fullscreen presentation with a decent transfer despite the date. This edition features a handful of trailers for other VCII releases including *The Hideaways* (1973), *Olivia* (1983), and *A Gun in the House* (1984). There appears to be a DVD release for this movie out there somewhere but is rather hard to come by and also quite pricey (I've seen it on Amazon for close to \$50). Furthermore, sources indicate that the DVD version has a running time of 95 minutes as opposed to the 97 minute uncut version which leads one to believe that a substantial amount of gore probably got the axe on that version. The DVD doesn't appear to update the transfer to widescreen either so this VHS is likely the best bet.

Despite being dated to 1980, this movie looks more like the type of drive-in schlock that abounded in the early 70s. Fans of creative gore effects, campy creature features, and endearing independent filmmaking will enjoy this movie - so hunt it down! (TG)



VCII

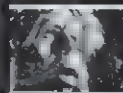
THE ULTIMATE HORROR HAS BEEN
CONCEIVED DURING THE
NIGHT OF THE DEMON

NIGHT OF THE DEMON

Starring: Michael Cull, Joy
Allen, Robert Collings and Jodi Lazarus



The legendary Bigfoot creature proves to be no legend to a group of anthropology students doing fieldwork in the remote stretches of the Pacific Northwest.



The students uncover evidence that the fearful creature raped a mountain girl and begot a half-human, half-monster offspring. They also stumble upon a cult of demonic worshippers who eagerly await the birth of their creature's mutant progeny.



After a confrontation with the cult, the students' only means of escape is destroyed and one by one they become the victims of the creature's horrifying and bloody wrath.

VHS

VCII • LOS ANGELES, CA

MORTUARY (1983) Artists Releasing Corporation

Director - Howard Avedis
Screenwriter - Howard Avedis
Ovation Home Video (1991)

Not to be confused with the flawed but enjoyable Tobe Hooper film, this quirky 80s slasher has my vote for the most misleading poster art and tagline ever. While you certainly will not find any corpses returning from the grave as the box art advertises, you will find plenty of formulaic fun with a distinct and admirable twist. Shot in slow motion, presumably to indicate a flashback, this film's opening scene depicts a man being batted into a pool by an unknown assailant as a girl is heard calling for her Daddy. Well, Daddy can't swim if he's unconscious now can he? Sorry, sweetheart.

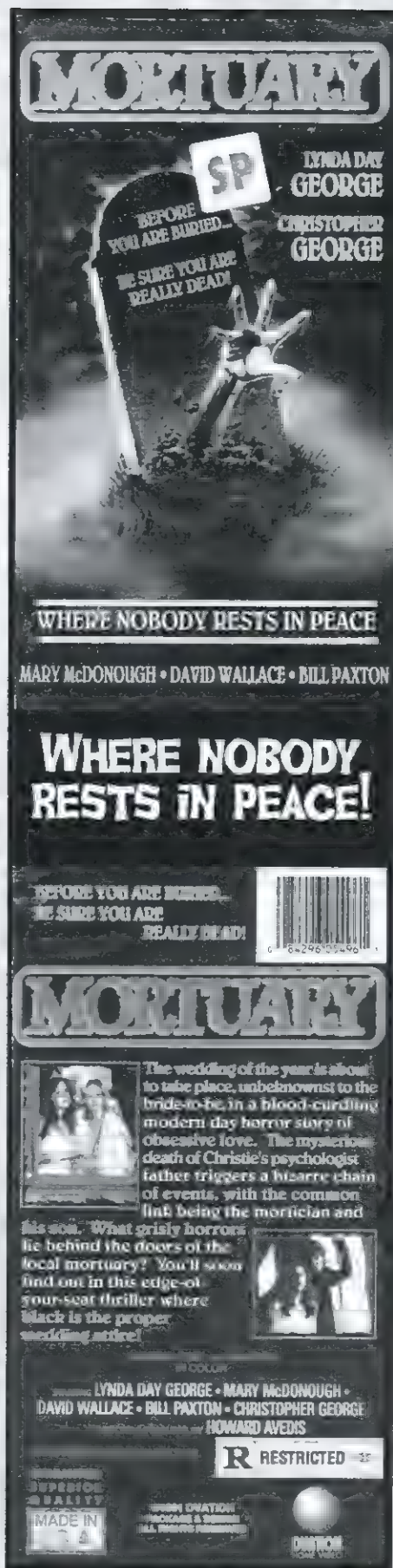
Say hello to Josh and Greg: two regular bro's that are breaking in to a mortuary storage facility. Josh just got fired from washing down corpses for the local undertaker, Hank Andrews, and he is collecting on some unpaid debts in form of some sweet new tires. The boys come upon Mr. Andrews himself (played by Christopher George in his last role) holding a séance with Greg's girlfriend's Mother and few other broads. Josh isn't surprised; finding them in this form is what got him fired in the first place. While Greg watches the spectacle, Josh is brutally impaled in the other room by a black caped, white faced ghoul by means of an embalming tool. The first appearance of the killer is quite striking; despite the simplicity of his character, he manages to capture some genuine creepiness. Greg realizes something is amiss, but only manages to get into the other room quick enough to watch his van peel off around the corner.

Greg has his girlfriend, Christie, come and pick him up from the warehouse. Christie is the same girl that was yelling for her Daddy in the opening scene and, of course, the girl who's Mom was participating in the séance (small town, huh?). They decide to head over to the local roller rink where they all usually kick it. Greg's van is there, but it's locked so they decide to check inside for Josh (watch for the black guy with the tinsel cape! Yes!). Nobody has seen him and when they go back outside, the van is gone. Christie takes Greg home and while some heavy petting is occurring in the backseat, the killer creeps, but is foiled as Greg's parents step out onto the porch and switch on the light. The next morning at school we learn that there is someone else that is fond of Christie. His name is Paul and, man, he is a fucking weirdo (brilliantly played by Bill Paxton!). Right away you can tell this guy is a little off and has a predilection for Mozart.

Now, ever since her Father's death, Christie has been plagued by nightmares and has incurred a wicked case of somnambulism. She is also convinced that her Father's death was no accident and that she may be the next target. One night she sleepwalks outside and is chased by the caped killer sending her into frenzy. Her Mother (played by Christopher George's wife, Linda Day George) comes down to comfort her, but Christie is even suspicious of her own Mom being against her.

While making out in a cemetery, Christie tells Greg about the frightening ordeal and Greg divulges the details of seeing her Mom at the séance. This is where Paul pops in again and we learn that he is Hank Andrews' son and he hasn't been the same since his Mother committed suicide not too long ago. Bill Paxton shines again as he gives Christie a flower and prances off into the sea of graves. Christie eases her curiosity by dropping in on one of the séances secretly and she learns that her Mother has been trying to communicate with her dead Father. Feeling silly about her hunch against her Mom, she makes amends with her and all seems well. That is all soon to change as the killer breaks into the house and after sticking to her mother, takes Christie down to the mortuary for prepare her for the wedding. That's right, I said wedding! And, boy, what a strange and fantastic wedding it will be!

While it is notable that this film was produced by horror rip-off extraordinaire Edward L. Montoro, Bill Paxton's performance is easily the most remarkable aspect of this film. His character is disturbing yet humorous as he whispers sweet nothings to the sedated Christie as she lay naked on the embalming table. True, the whole slasher routine is apparent throughout the film, but the morbid nuances carried out by



Paxton set this film apart from other sub-genre film of its time. If anything watch this film for the final scene where Paul conducts Mozart with his murderous embalming tool for his gathered wedding party of corpses! This supposedly has a Region 2 DVD release, but all I can ever find is the VHS; you can pick it up for under \$10, no sweat. Oh, and I almost forgot, this one has a solid attempt at a shock ending. I mean, c'mon now, corpses can't cut wedding cakes! (JS)

ENDGAME (1983) UAA Films Limited

Director: Joe D'Amato

Screenwriter: Joe D'Amato

Media Home Entertainment (1985)

Oftentimes Italian post-apocalyptic knock-offs are endearing because of their unwavering attempts to recreate *Blade Runner* and *Star Wars* style effects on virtually no budget. *Endgame*, however, favors a smaller scale, but grittier aesthetic more in the vein of *Mad Max*, the choice ultimately pays off for the filmmakers who manage to make a film with some visual power of its own. Al Cliver (*Zombie*) stars as Ron Shannon, the reigning champion on a nationally televised death match. Cliver is no Snake Plissken, but having been cast mainly in supporting roles in the past, he does a solid job as the leading man here.

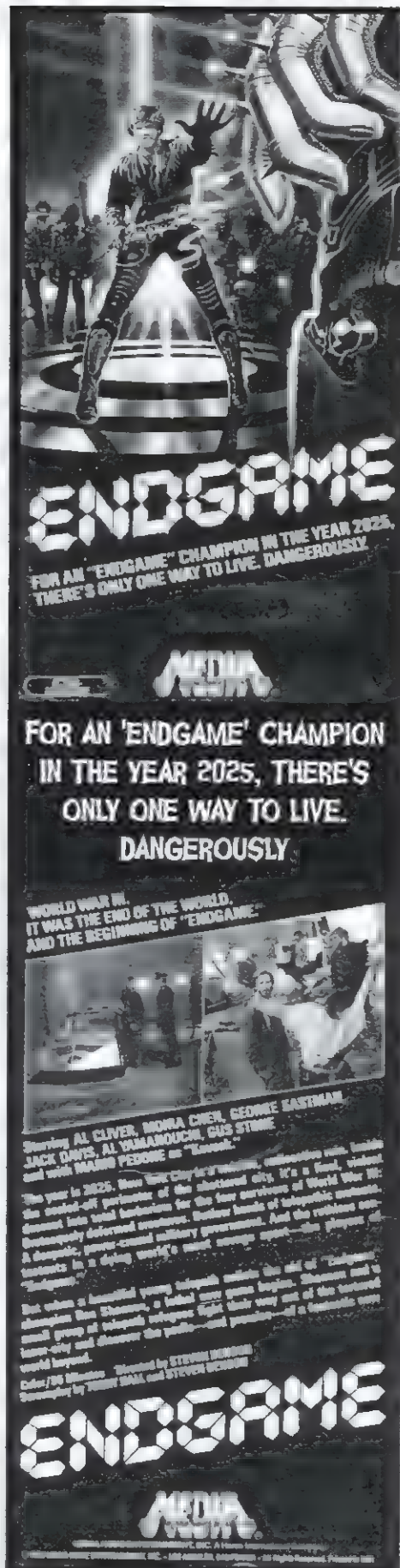
During the game Shannon finds himself in a tough spot but thankfully a beautiful telepath named Lilith (Laura Gemser) is there to help him out in exchange for a favor. Lilith wants Shannon to help her and a group of telepaths get out of the city and escape the oppressive security service (their logo is virtually an exact copy of the SS symbol, subtle huh?) who condemn them as mutants and submit them to medical experiments. Shannon rounds up a gang of the most elite fighters he can, and with the promise of a reward in gold bricks, they embark on their mission.

Along the way the convoy runs into a series of setbacks including a brawl with a town full of black cloaked, homicidal, blind religious fanatics and a showdown with a gang of degenerate animal-men.

Cliver wavers between his best Clint Eastwood and Kurt Russell impressions and much of the narrative is completely absurd, however, the gritty set design keeps it grounded enough that the movie can be taken seriously almost the whole time. Aristide Massaccesi (who often goes by Joe D'Amato and is credited here as Steven Benson) provides more than competent direction. The fight scenes and action sequences are definitely a notch above other entries in the genre and the film also achieves some genuine atmosphere and suspense, particularly in the competition sequences that start the story.

As expected, the more complex psychological themes that the film touches on, such as the relationship between violence and culpability in a lawless world, are merely superficial. Some elements of the plot are more problematic such as the way the telepathic mutants are treated hyper-sympathetically as government scapegoats and heralded as the future hope of mankind, whereas the animal-featured mutants are merely rapists and goons. Italian filmmakers, of course, are traditionally visually oriented and it's no surprise that the film's powerful aesthetic makes up for the shallow storyline. At the beginning of the movie the fighters are placed in a dark labyrinth, forced to hunt one another down and kill each other lest they should be killed themselves. These shadowy alleys and abandoned buildings are wet and dark, but they are also teeming with diseased homeless and the camera gives us some lingering looks at rats feasting on some of their unlucky companions. In contrast, the desert sequences are dry and hot, once again littered with corpses and skeletal towns.

Furthermore, it is pleasing to see that by the mid 80s directors and make-up artists could still think up clever ways to kill people; for instance, in *Endgame* a man is plastered through a wall so that his head and arms are sticking through the other side. When he pleads for death a member of his crew twists his skull around breaking his neck. Italian horror enthusiasts will also be interested to know that Michele Soavi was a second unit director on this film and appears in a bit role. I am a big fan of the genre and admittedly my opinion is a little biased when it comes to this review, but I can't help myself - this movie rules! (TG)



RAZORBACK (1984) UAA Films Limited

Director - Russell Mulcahy

Screenplay - Everett De Roche

Warner Home Video (1984)

Bring on the killer creature flick from Down Under! Based off of Peter Brennan's novel of the same name and directed by music video maker turned auteur Russell Mulcahy (Duran Duran, Highlander), this distinctive Aussie horror ranks highly in the annals of aboriginal cinema. Not that there are an astounding amount of efforts to be viewed, but this one stands tall and proud in representation as one of the more notable genre offerings from the outback.

The setting sun paints the dusty sky an ominous orange as the dilapidated fences and churning fan blades set the tone of virtual desolation. Grandpa Jake lays his grandson down for bed and all seems serene until the loathsome razorback explodes through the walls of the house and makes off with the child. Jake is put to trial for the disappearance of his grandson and is met with derision by the locals. Luckily for Grandpa, there isn't enough evidence against him, so he is dismissed from the court without any further trouble save the opinions of the town's inhabitants. We are then hurled two years into the future ending up in a New York apartment. Beth Winters is an animal rights activist and mild celebrity stirring things up on the evening news. Everything appears peachy on the home front as her exemplary husband cooks up some dinner for her after a long day of harassing meat mongers. However, Beth soon discloses that she must take a trip to Australia to cover the appalling kangaroo hunting that is threatening the animal's very existence. While crusading for the kangaroos in the town known as Gamulla, she has a brush with Grandpa Jake and he is quick to enlighten her on the joys of blasting a razorback. He is obviously still a tad bit sore about that oversized plundering pig. And he's got a fire in his eye.

Beth makes her way over to the grimy pet food plant (aptly named Pet-Pak!) where the kangaroos are being ground up for dog nosh. She attempts to score some footage of the villainy through a window, but is grabbed up by one of the insane brothers that work at the foul plant. Now these guys, Benny and Dicko, are quite possibly the most enjoyable characters in this film as two slimy, eccentric brothers that bring the film an ample dose of comedy and violence, sometimes in the same instance. Beth escapes Dicko's clutches and starts back towards Gamulla with Duran Duran pumping on the stereo. It's not long before those nasty brothers catch up and have a little fun with her. They try to rape her, but quickly pile back into their meat wagon as they feel an ominous presence. The razorback is upon Beth in no time. This kill scene is effective and chilling. There isn't an overabundance of blood, but the angles used really offer the feeling of no escape as Beth is ravaged by the unruly beast.

In response to her death, Beth's husband, Carl, journeys down to Gamulla in search of some answers. He meets up with Jake and is pointed in the direction of Pet-Pak. Of course, he will have to squeeze the details out of those wicked brothers, as they were the last to see her alive. Carl plays it cool and makes no mention of his wife or that he is even connected with her. He consequently is forced to hang out with these characters as they go out and poach those poor kangaroos in the secret of the night. Carl can't stand the sight of this atrocity, and subsequently vomits all over Dicko. As a sort of atonement, he is left alone out in the wild for hours. He experiences some strange hallucinations that are wonderfully depicted with surrealistic values. Carl wakes up and realizes that he is being surrounded by wild boars and is chased up a windmill. After he averts danger for one night, the boars round up and knock the windmill down into a watering hole. He finds solace in the drink for a while, but eventually leaves as he realizes he can't stay there forever. As he walks through the barren desert he begins to hallucinate again and we are given phantasmagorical sights of landscapes tinted with a centralized hue along with dizzying camera movements. His feet are bloodied; pig skeletons erupt from the ground and taunt him everywhere he turns. While the entire film is shot exceptionally well, these scenes in particular really take you somewhere else. He finally stumbles onto a farm and is taken in by an attractive



A HOG-WILD TALE OF TERROR IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK!



A hog-wild tale of terror in the Australian outback.

It's no late-koolhaas bear mauling swashbucklers. It's a scorching, fiercely fanged, razor-sized demon of the Australian outback, which will turn you into a grisly blood-soaked mess. Has the sun taken to whup up a B.T.T. He's a new breed of terror, unlike anything ever seen by fright-fans. And now he brings his vicious rampage of horror to the home video scene.

Out of the back wasteland of beauty and death seen in *The Road*, director Russell Mulcahy, known for his bloody video work with such premieres as *Interview with a Vampire* and *Duran Duran*, gives cinematographer Dean Semler a look at the razorback. Later in the movie, Mulcahy shows us the razorback and blood-drenched death in a fast-paced, intense and suspenseful manner.

Gregory Harrison of *TV's* *Apocalypse Now* stars as the unassuming young American who comes to the harsh outback to look for his missing wife. Unprepared for the roughness of this land and even more unprepared for the deadly boar lurking within it, Harrison's man finds himself stranded there and embroiled in a harrowing battle for survival.

Perched against the sun and the heat - responsible for his wife's death, Harrison becomes an avenging hero. He outwits and out-thinks the boar and, in the end, the most gruesome, visceral modern barbarians you have ever seen. The delight of the movie is in seeing how and when the razorback kills. The razorback's camera, he confronts the monstrous boar, risk up at a razorback's head, and then, when taking a camera, he'll throw a razorback's head-blade that will make you feel out of it, as both - or them.

Who survives, man or beast? Find out, don't miss the featured conclusion. And check closely the next time you open a can of Pet Pak!

Warner Home Video
R-13
Parental Guidance Suggested
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
Warner Home Video
© 1984 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

blonde. He mentions that he may have seen the Razorback and Jake shows up like it's his job. The time has come for his vengeance. Carl decides to go home, but as he is waiting for the bus, he is called in for reinforcement. Can he stop this unfathomable creature?! Will he hang the blonde? Not if he doesn't get rid of those deplorable brothers first!

This is such a solid film. It's entertaining the whole way through. And I must go back to the surreal sequences in the desert as it surely sets this film apart from any other creature flick I have ever seen. So, it's kind of a mystery to me why this bad boy hasn't received a Region 1 release yet. Sure, it's on Region 4 DVD (Australia, South/Central America), but surely it has international appeal. Until someone comes back from lunch break over at DVD releasing headquarters, I guess it's time to feed the VCR. That is, unless somebody wants to hook it up with an all region DVD player. Yeah, I didn't think so. (JS)

BLOOD LINK (1982) Zadar Film

Director: Albert De Martino

Screenwriter: Theodore Epstein

Embassy Home Entertainment (1986)

This early 80s thriller is a curious film. It focuses on the unique bond between two Siamese twins who were separated at birth, a subject of intrigue that appears in the horror genre over and over (*Basket Case*, *The Dark Half*, and *Dead Ringers* to name a few). Michael Moriarty (*Q: The Winged Serpent*) stars as Craig and Keith Mannings. Craig has grown up without Keith and has been under the impression that he was killed in a fire. A series of Murderous visions, however, lead Craig to believe that he has tapped into a telepathic link with his brother who apparently has a pension for killing women.

The film's biggest flaw is that it is just a little bit too serious of a movie; if it were a bit campier or sleazier, then a viewer would easily forgive the story's shoddy development as well as some of the awkward dialogue and pacing. As it is, we are forced to scrutinize some of these problems. The film's plot is not particularly convoluted (Craig discovers that he can see through his brother's eyes so he uses clues from his visions to track him down and stop the murders) but its development is. The nature of Keith's psychosis is alluded to but never really explored and seems to contradict itself unnaturally. For instance sometimes it seems to be a wholly personal thing related to his own sadistic thrills while at other times it is situated entirely in his relationship to his twin, but the two sources never really connect and seem to be dictated by narrative convenience more than anything else. Craig's position as a doctor who's neurological experiments seem to trigger his visions is introduced but it is never really explored either, nor are the two men's relationships with the various women in the film. The narrative is also troubled by an awkward sense of time, in particular, the sequence of events does not flow well and relationships are forged with unnatural quickness.

Despite an unimaginative story filled with the aforementioned narrative flaws, many of the film's moments are still striking and memorable. De Martino does a very skillful job with the suspense sequences; not only are they successful at building tension and conveying anxiety, but they also exude an air of isolation and claustrophobia, qualities that relate to the psychological condition of the twins which are never satisfactorily explored elsewhere in the film. The direction also brings some style into the presentation of the visions. More than just a distorted first person perspective, we get a dream-like image that distorts the visions' connection to reality as well as the viewer's space of identifications. Ennio Morricone's subtle but haunting score plays a significant role in the effectiveness of these sequences.

Moriarty seems a bit oddly cast in this film. Physically, he doesn't seem to have the handsome, powerful qualities that the film tries to endow Craig with, nor does he seem to embody the psychotic sadism of Keith. However, he does work in the role in some strange way. He plays the two twins as being uncomfortably similar which adds to the viewer's distress at trying to tell them apart towards the climax. The beautiful Penelope Milford (*Coming Home*), however, often steals the show when she's onscreen. *Blood Link* features a surprisingly high amount of nudity (nearly all of the leading ladies are undressed at some point) and some violent death scenes but, as alluded to earlier, they are all very tasteful, which unfortunately has the effect of drawing attention to the movie's flaws. (TC)

BLOOD LINK

HIS DREAMS OF MURDER ARE ABOUT TO BECOME A REALITY

BOUND BY BLOOD, SEVERED BY MURDER

MICHAEL MORIARTY stars as Dr. Craig Mannings, a renowned... a horrifying vision of himself, killing an... When the nightmare... he believes that what... he's seeing is really happening. A... twin that was separated from him at... and sent away to live with... another family. Realizing that his... brother is committing the grisly... does he's seeing. Could you looking... for his long-lost twin be... the... truth.

It's a mind-chilling tale of murder, deception and intrigue. This is... a... BLOOD LINK!

1982, Color, 95 minutes, Ac/VHS/Thriller

MICHAEL MORIARTY PENELOPE MILFORD
"BLOOD LINK"

CAROLAN WHEELER SARAH LANGFELD MARTHA SAWY VERNER MORGAN
and GERALDINE FITZGERALD as Mrs. THOMPSON

Directed by ALBERT DE MARTINO

FBI

1111

when you think you've got it all figured out, this movie's sinister double twist ending will surely leave you with an enlightened smile on your face. Even though I know what's coming, it's still great every time.

This film is just drenched with atmosphere. The exceptional cinematography along with the effective, avant-garde score sets the tone of apprehension and deception throughout the length of the film. I have to admit, the double twist ending really got me the first time around. I think that's why I still love it so much. When you watch as many movies as I do and that double twist actually surprises you, it feels awesome. This early 70s gem is most certainly not on DVD, but with a little effort you can sniff out the VHS. If you are into those creepy early 70s thrillers, this is most definitely one to seek out. (JS)

THE REJUVENATOR (1988)

Director: Brian Thomas Jones

Screenwriter: Simon Nuchtern and Brian Thomas Jones

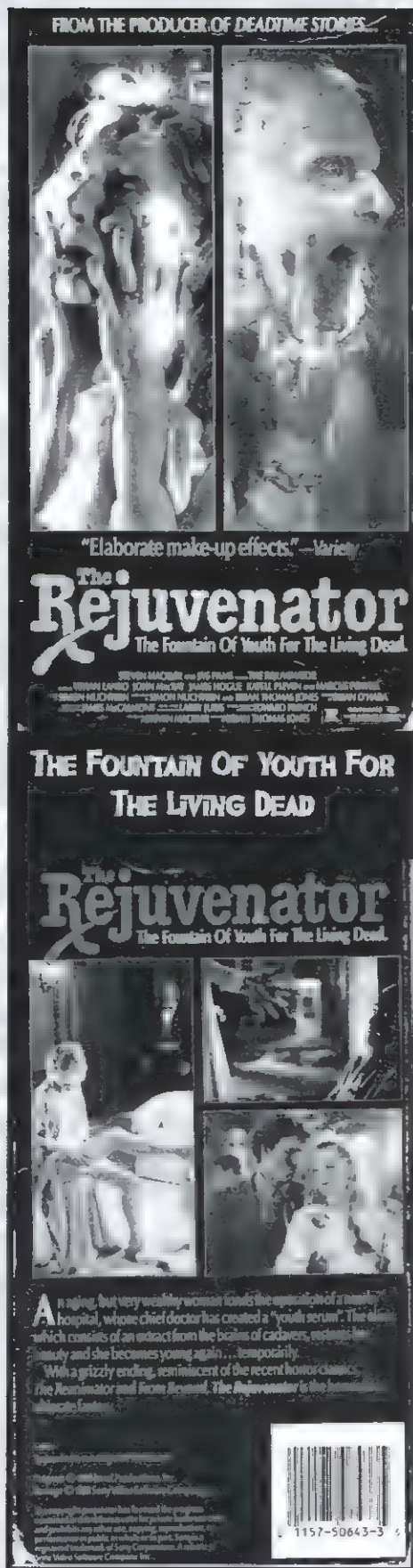
Sony Video Software (1988)

If instead of a struggling screenwriter, a controversial neuro-scientist had stumbled into Norma Desmond's mansion we would have ended up with *The Rejuvenator* rather than *Sunset Boulevard*. This movie is a hell of a lot of fun; it features great effects, solid acting, and a well paced script. The premise is a simple one: an aging Hollywood actress named Elizabeth Warren spends her fortune funding an unconventional scientist in his research to develop an age reversing serum. As one would guess, Elizabeth hopes to be the first human subject. The serum works like a charm at first; our former starlet is young and beautiful once again and what's more, she has a renewed lust for life and is reinvigorated with sexual energy. Of course there is a catch - the serum, which is derived from the brains of cadavers making it inconvenient to obtain, must be supplied continuously in order to maintain youth. One can probably imagine where this is going... as more and more serum is required, our star has more and more trouble suppressing her dependency on it leading to deadly consequences.

The *Rejuvenator*'s screenplay is highly derivative, drawing major influence from sources that range from *Sunset Boulevard* to *The Wasp Woman* with heavy doses of *Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Body Snatcher*, not to mention *Re-animator*. This is not a criticism, however, far from it, in fact it is probably the film's biggest strength. The movie is clearly an effects vehicle so if that's going to be its focus why not go with plot elements that are tried-and-true. Furthermore, cinephiles like myself will delight in spotting the shameless references and rip-offs.

As far as its place in 80's horror cinema, it may not be the most profound or intelligent entry into the body-horror subgenre, but it is one of the most fun, and also one of the most excessive. Every time the serum wears off Elizabeth doesn't merely become old again, she becomes more similar to a walking corpse; her veins protrude, her bone structure pokes through, there are lots of ambiguous fluids going everywhere; it is quite gross and in each transformation she becomes startlingly worse. By the end the effects do lose a little bit of their luster as they cross a bit too far into rubber suit territory, however, the eruption of fluids in the finale win us back over. It's also worth mentioning the live performance from the all-girl hair band, Poison Dolly's during a scene that takes place in a club. It definitely makes you remember what decade you're in.

As if the title wasn't enough of a clue, the back of the box explicitly attempts to cash-in on the success of *Re-animator* and *From Beyond*; While *Rejuvenator* is hardly on par with either of those two films, it is easily more watchable and more genuinely enjoyable than the bulk of rip-offs from the era. This Sony VHS is the only version I have seen available, and like many Sony releases it still hasn't found its way to DVD. The quality of the transfer is pretty much as good as it gets for the late 80s. The tape I watched was in pretty good shape although the color wavered a little towards the end. Disappointingly, the feature is the only thing on the tape; trailers for other Sony releases would certainly have been welcome. This release really characterizes what was great about this period of home video. *Rejuvenator* promises to exploit one of the more outrageous trends in horror at the time and it delivers on its promise! (TG)



THE MUTHERS (1976) Dimension Pictures

Director: Cirio H. Santiago

Screenwriters: Cirio H. Santiago and Cyril St. James

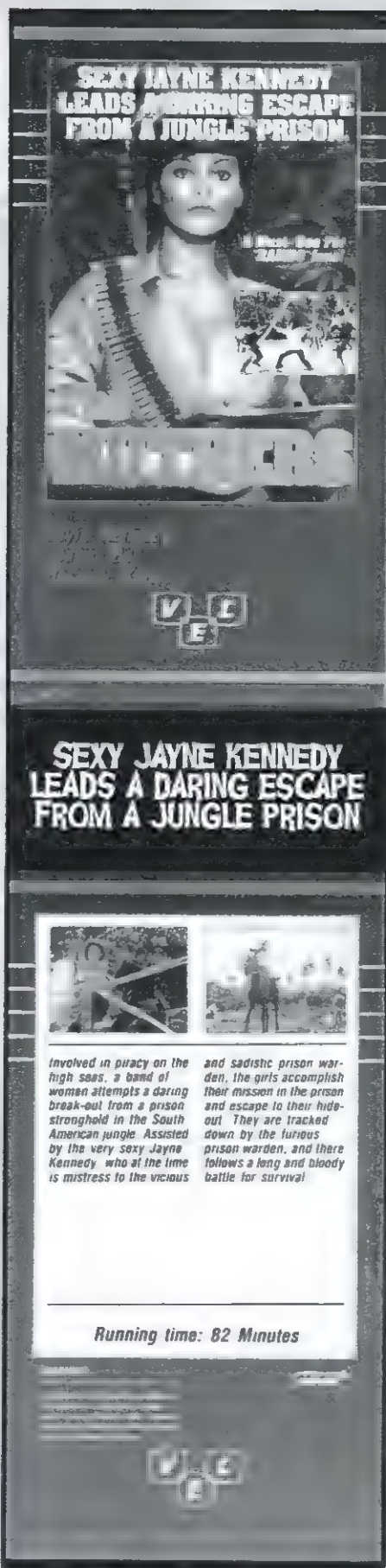
VEC Video (1977)

In the opening scene of *The Muthers* a gang of sexy, machine gun wielding, black, female pirates holds up a cruise ship full of naive tourists. If that imagery doesn't have you salivating then this film is not for you, but for the rest of us I will continue. When the lead pirate, Kelly (Jeannie Bell), and her sidekick Anngie (Rosanne Katon) return home they learn that Kelly's sister, Sandy, has gone missing and soon they discover that she has been taken to a Latin American coffee plantation where she is being imprisoned as slave labor. An agent for the Justice Department strikes a deal with Kelly and Anngie, providing them with immunity for their past crimes if they will go under cover in the prison camp as informers. Desperate to track down Kelly's sister, the duo obliges. In the camp the women find themselves at odds with the sadistic and merciless plantation owner Montiero (Tony Carreon). An opportunity to escape comes, however, when they befriend Montiero's kept mistress and former prisoner, Serena (Jayne Kennedy).

The box for this VHS is misleading as Jayne Kennedy never appears in the outfit she is wearing on the cover and those drawn to the quote, "a must see for Rambo fans," will almost certainly be let down. *The Muthers* is actually a curious little exploitation film that combines the popular blaxploitation and women-in-prison genres. Cirio H. Santiago, who was a forefather of blaxploitation (most famous for TWT Jackson) does a sufficient job with this film. The storyline, though quite predictable, moves at a quick pace and never struggles to keep the viewer's attention. As expected, the movie abounds with entertainingly choreographed fights during which our sexy protagonists beat the crap out of every sleazy guy they cross (and they're all sleazy). There are also plenty of bare breasts and tight outfits, and the women in this film are particularly sexy.

In addition to the standard blaxploitation/WIP fare, *The Muthers* offers a few moments of originality and surprising excess that keeps things interesting. When Kelly and Anngie arrive at the camp they learn that Sandy and another prisoner have escaped, but it is only a matter of time before Sandy's accomplice is apprehended. Montiero makes an example of her by stringing her up by her hair in the middle of camp, forcing her to hang in agony until she finally dies. This scene looks frighteningly real and certainly adds a degree of menace and sadism to the film. Any male viewers who revel in watching this torture, however, are quickly punished in the next scene when the guard who aided the two girls' escape is tossed into one of the cabins to be viciously dispatched by its inmates. There is also some cheesy humor in the dialogue. For example, during the escape sequence that takes up the last third of the movie a snake bites one of the women in the breast and she exclaims "just like every other snake I ever met - can't leave my tits alone."

This film has two different VHS releases; this VEC edition and a Continental Video release which features a variation on the same cover design (the latter appears to be more readily available but supposedly features some Spanish dialogue). The VEC version is a bare-bones release including nothing but the feature. There could be a difference between the cuts on the two tapes because IMDb claims the runtime to be 101 minutes, whereas this edition is only 82. I really can't tell where the other 19 minutes would go, so this may just be a mistake. Hardcore fans of WIP and blaxploitation will definitely want to track this down, but anyone who appreciates 70s exploitation is likely to enjoy it. (TG)



SEXY JAYNE KENNEDY
LEADS A DARING ESCAPE
FROM A JUNGLE PRISON.

VEC

SEXY JAYNE KENNEDY
LEADS A DARING ESCAPE
FROM A JUNGLE PRISON



Involved in piracy on the high seas, a band of women attempts a daring break-out from a prison stronghold in the South American jungle. Assisted by the very sexy Jayne Kennedy, who at the time is mistress to the vicious

and sadistic prison warden, the girls accomplish their mission in the prison and escape to their hide-out. They are tracked down by the furious prison warden, and there follows a long and bloody battle for survival.

Running time: 82 Minutes

VEC

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR? (1965)

Director: Joseph Cates

Screenwriter: Leon Tokatyan and Arnold Drake

Sinister Video (bootleg)

When viewed through the lens of home video the 80s tend to be hilarious, the 70s are often ridiculous, but the 60s are always just fucking cool. This rule holds true in the case of *Who Killed Teddy Bear?* which is characterized by a style that, rather than being a credit to the filmmakers, is more likely an inherent result of the film's time and setting. What separates *Teddy Bear* from other stylish 60s thrillers, however, is its grimy and subversive characterization of New York City contrasting it with the sleek and sexy 60s lifestyle.

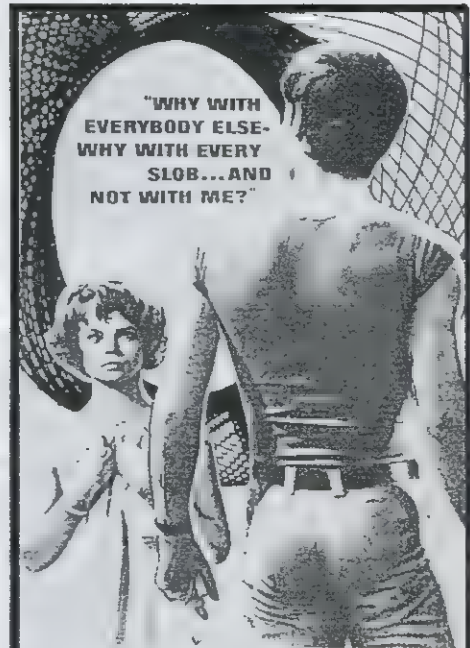
The film stars Sal Mineo (*Rebel Without a Cause*) as Lawrence, a shy but polite busboy who we learn has a troubled life at home and a lot of psycho-sexual baggage that he can't seem to cope with. Across from Mineo is controversial dancer Juliet Prowse as Norma, a D.J. for the same club, who has been receiving troubling and offensive phone calls from an anonymous caller. Detective Madden, played by Jan Murray (better known as a comedian who made appearances on popular sitcoms such as *The Lucy Show*) takes a great interest in Norma's case. We eventually learn that Madden has made it his mission crack down on sexual deviants and sadists ever since his wife was raped and mutilated years before.

Madden's obsession with sexual perversion begins to frighten Norma as much as the phone calls and as the threat of violence grows while an avalanche of paranoia tumbles down as we approach the climax, wondering if the obsessive detective, the disturbed busboy or some unnamed lunatic is responsible.

Anybody looking for a protagonist with whom to identify will be frustrated. Lawrence and Detective Madden's respective perverse obsessions mirror each other as they each attempt to displace their internal psychological baggage, leaving the viewer disillusioned with the notion of justice and accountability. Even Norma, however, is a difficult character as her unwillingness to trust anyone, including Madden and a lesbian club owner, leads her to repeatedly place herself in vulnerable situations while placing the responsibility for a positive resolution squarely on her own shoulders. Ultimately, every character is a prisoner to the paranoia bred out of their inescapable preoccupation with their own self-interest. The film's contrast between the glitzy, hyper-social, discotheque setting and the harsh, lonely city serves to amplify these internal conflicts exceptionally well.

The performances are nuanced and the dialogue is thoughtful and interesting. Despite what appears to be a fairly low-budget, the story is executed well. The only criticism is that the ending lacks the same type of cohesiveness as the rest of the film as the filming and editing style takes a mildly psychedelic turn.

The tape that I watched is a bootleg, albeit a well presented one produced by Sinister Cinema. The transfer seriously lacks in sharpness to say the least, and the film is expectedly scratchy with a relatively dull soundtrack. Despite all of these faults, the style is still very apparent, and as a result the movie remains quite watchable. IMDb lists several VHS releases that lack concrete dates. There is no DVD release for this movie whatsoever and I have yet to actually spot an official video release in any format. It is really a shame because this film could benefit immensely from a better transfer and I imagine there is a large public that would be delighted to be turned on to this overlooked piece of progressive cinema. (TG)



"WHY WITH
EVERYBODY ELSE-
WHY WITH EVERY
SLOB...AND
NOT WITH ME?"

MARSHALL NAIFY / A JOSEPH CATES

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

WHY WITH EVERYBODY ELSE -
WHY WITH EVERY SLOB...
AND NOT WITH ME?"

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

1965 Magna (B&W)

PRODUCER: Everett Rosenthal

DIRECTOR: Joseph Cates

SCREENWRITERS: Leon Tokatyan,

Arnold Drake

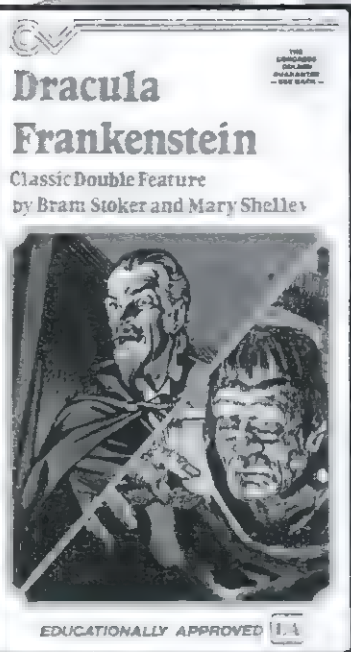
Really grimy obscene-phone call chiller with a New York discotheque background. Busboy Sal Mineo, guardian to a brain-damaged sister, writhes in bed while club hostess/deejay Juliet Prowse worries on the other end of the line. Jan Murray of the vice squad tries to investigate and acts so creepy that Juliet thinks he's the maniac. With Frank Campanella, Margot Bennett, and Elaine Stritch as Juliet's lesbian boss, who tries to help in her own way. Title song and discotheque hits written by Al Kasha and Bob Gaudio (of the Four Seasons).

Michael Walker: The Psychomantic Encyclopedia

ANIMATION FROM THE ABYSS

BY JOSH SCHAFER

Over here at Lunchmeat, we love cartoons. Sure, some folks call it kid's stuff, and some of it very well is; but for some of us, there is a certain appreciation for cartoons that can bring us beyond that notion. Perhaps it's those charming old-school animation styles, or maybe those still surprising nods to things we can only understand now as "adults". Maybe we just like cartoons. Whatever the case may be, these assorted animated adventures still possess the ability to transport us to a faded time. A time when sitting in front of the TV (a little too close) with an endless bowl of sugar soaked cereal was the best life had to offer. We still like to visit these times every now and again. Only now, that box of cereal is a lot smaller than it used to be.



DRACULA/FRANKENSTEIN - (1986) CONGRESS VIDEO GROUP/ACADEMIC INDUSTRIES

Here's a little gem that I picked up at my local flea market for a buck. Without question, the title is what first attracted my attention. Congress Video - who distributed such titles as *Blood Legacy* and *House of Seven Corpses* - goes for the Golden Book approach with this double bill. The cover promotes that it is "Educationally Approved" and even has a "Golden Guarantee" to further emulate the children's video giant. Even the animation itself is akin to Golden Book styling as most of the GB stuff I have seen is not really animation, but close-ups of still illustrations (look for the Golden Book *He-Man Adventures*!) I was pleasantly surprised with what awaited me on the tape.

The stories are curtailed into about fifteen minute segments and are narrated by a distinguished voice that, unfortunately, can get a bit grating after a while. This is due to the fact that he is reading the story as you would to a child: slow and very matter of fact. However, he does manage to implement a few characterized voices to break up the tedium. What really grabbed me about this cartoon were the parts they actually left in. For instance, in *Dracula* they tell of Lucy drinking the blood of a child and how they must cut Lucy's head and heart from her body to destroy her. Pretty explicit stuff for a kid's cartoon, huh?

Frankenstein is also enjoyable as it paints the monster as a literate and communicative abomination. The ending to this one is rather bleak, but it fits with the story nicely. The running time proclaims sixty minutes, but both of the cartoons combined can't be more than thirty minutes tops. You can pick this up on Amazon for about \$5, but this is something best found at a flea market or Salvation Army. Now I just need to find the Congress Video version of *The Time Machine/War of the Worlds* double bill!

MONSTER IN MY POCKET: THE BIG SCREAM/THE SCHNOZZES - (1992) HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS

After an immensely successful toy-line followed by trading cards, comic books and a let us not forget that wonderful NES game, here is the animated special based on our favorite fun-size freaks. Now, if you are familiar with the characters of *MimP* and the roles they play, you might be a little surprised at the way the characters are portrayed in this cartoon. But then again, if you are keen on *MimP*, then you know that the characters have been subject to change since their birth.

Cartoon stalwarts Don Lusk and Glenn Leopold are at the helm for this one. Shown on ABC as a Halloween special, this story portrays *Monster Mountain* as a prison for the bad monsters. *Vampire* (now the leader of the baddies) concocts a potion that shrinks the mountain along with all of its inhabitants. The miniature mountain is then blown away to Los Angeles where the good monsters team up with famed writer *Edgar Raven's* daughter, *Carrie*, to combat the bad monsters and try to figure out how to get back to their normal size. After some careful deduction, the monsters realize that in order to get back to normal size, the good guys need laughter and the villains need screams. Makes sense to me. There are also tons of nods to the classics in this animated pleasure. My favorite is the actress character that goes by the name of *Rae Faye* and resembles *Alsa Lanchester* as *The Bride*. Gotta love it. The animation is pretty standard Hanna-Barbera fare, and that ain't bad! I have seen this around on eBay for about \$5. I found my copy at a yard sale for a quarter. Did I mention it comes on a blue VHS tape? Amazing!

It also comes with a featurette of a cartoon called *The Schnozzes* which is absolutely fantastic. This cartoon comes off as a bit more edgy as it drops words like idiot and stupid as the characters insult each other. The episode concerns a dog race that at first seems to be a lesson not to gamble, but ends up being a reason to never give up on your friends. Imagine *Rocko's Modern Life* mixed with early *Simpsons* mixed with animals with huge noses. I have never seen this cartoon anywhere else.



DO YOU LIKE STUFF THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK?

WHO DOESN'T RIGHT? GET YOUR OWN

GLOW IN THE DARK ENTHUSIAST

T SHIRT

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OR JUST YOUR EVERYDAY AFICIONADO OF**

AWESOME STUFF!

IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS OR MAKE NEW ONES!

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**THE TEXT IS DAYGLOW NIGHTGLOW GREEN
PRINTED ON A BLACK HEAVY COTTON T SHIRT.**

OWN YOURS TODAY IN ALL OF ITS GLOWING GLORY!

LIMITED RUN OF ONLY 50! NOW!

Get them before they go extinct!

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Please send your Money order,
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**The Glowmaster General
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**Please be sure to indicate the size
desired or we shall unleash the
one-eyed behemoth to come and
find you!! Don't forget!!**

**\$12
PPD**



IT'S TIME FOR CROSSWORD-O-RAMA!

Be one of the first three people to complete the crossword with all of the correct answers, mail it in to the address provided and you will receive a prize pack full of random goodies for you to enjoy! That's right, cinephiles: prize packs! Just cut out the page (photocopies are entirely acceptable for those who choose not to deface their zine) and mail it to the following address

Lunchmeat
C/O The Crossword Troll
710 Glendalough Rd
Erdenheim, PA 19038

Please be sure to include your name, address and shirt size! The troll awaits your entry! Good luck, fiends!

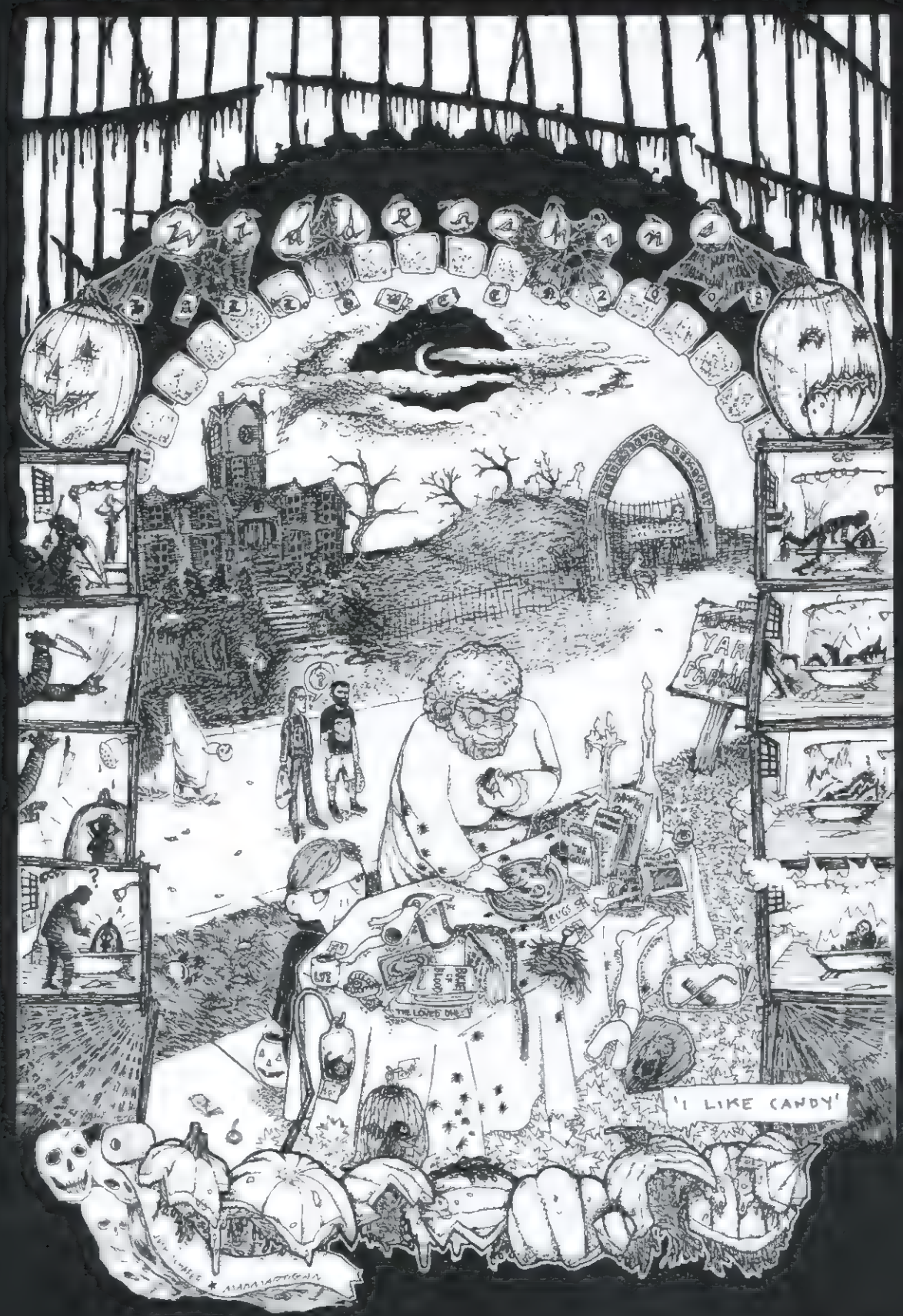


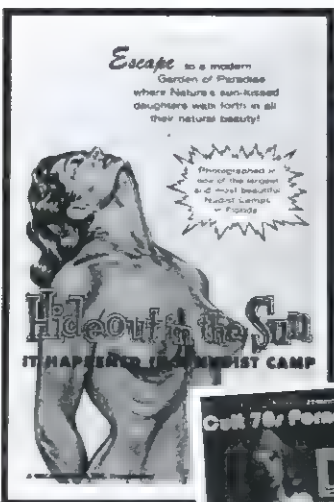
Across

4. Corman increased his Price with this picture
8. Hungry house plant
10. This major is coming home to war!
11. De Palma's evil sister
12. Young, attractive, fashionable
18. That's Mr. Big to you!
19. X-Ray canine
21. This Nicholson once employed Jack
22. Werewolves, Frankensteins, movie-goers, oh my!

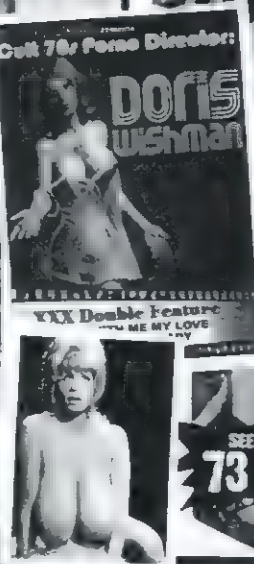
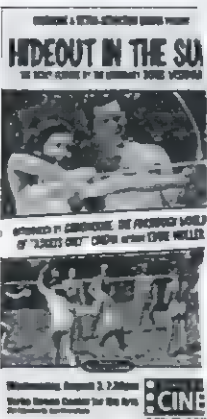
Down

1. Rose again just one year later
2. Drink it black or with Sugar Hill
3. Cigar chompin' moviemonger
5. Galvanized invertebrates, winsome redhead
6. Made the Incredible Man melt
7. Italian movie, Russian vampire
9. Walter Paisley and Uncle Willy
13. Cushing made four films with AJP, this Peter only made three
14. Blaxorclist
15. Legendary screen scribe
16. Godfather of exploitation
17. Dracula's brother
20. Ravens and writing desks





DORIS WISHMAN: STILL MAKING MOVIES IN HELL



Picture, if you will, a spunky and effervescent woman standing a little less than five feet tall on a set full of stark naked actors instructing them on how to move, feel and speak while she scratches her pen feverishly on a mess of jumbled papers that somewhat resemble a script. That's Doris Wishman. She has been dubbed "the female Ed Wood" and "the queen of exploitation" as well as countless other nicknames by those who have written about her before me. These endearments are entirely accurate and give a strong indication of what kind of artist Doris was; however, there is something so glaringly distinct about Doris and her creative essence that make me admire her beyond any flattery of words. This is not because her films are the greatest nudie cuties, roughies and softcore comedies ever realized on film, or because she is one of the most prolific female directors of the sound era. It is because her films harbored a true passion and an unconventional pizzazz. She was a filmmaker; she was an auteur in her own right.

Doris attended the same drama school as Shelley Winters, but never really got going as an actress as she admittedly never truly applied herself. She moved down to Florida with her husband, Jack, after being offered a job by a relative to run a film distribution company based out of Miami. After some years of working in the business, she received a call from a man named Peter Homer about doing the distribution for a film entitled *And God Created Woman* which some of you cinephiles may recognize as that steamy piece of celluloid starring Brigitte Bardot that caused quite an uproar due to its sexually explicit nature. Sadly, her husband passed away the day before she was to meet with Peter and she was hurled into a state of grief and despair. Thankfully for us, she decided to take a stab at directing and producing to keep her mind off of her late husband. She borrowed \$10,000 (twice!) from her charitable sister and she was determined to make her first feature film. *Hideout in the Sun* (1960)

Now nudist films (also referred to as naturist films) were making a slew of money at this time. This is mainly because the courts deemed it perfectly okay to depict naked men and women in this context as the nudist lifestyle was seen as salubrious and free. In reality, all this meant was that the masses could go and see some skin without going to an X-rated theatre. Doris lacked any training in regards to making a movie, but she did have an advantage in knowing where to take a film once it was completed. And since the nudie films were so hot, she figured why not? But this wasn't just any nudie film. This one had a thoughtful plot line, something that was rather secondary in mainstream nudie films of the era. Two bank robbers go to what they think is a country club to avoid the fuzz, but it turns out to be a nudist camp and one of the robbers falls in love. Now that's a bit more than your average nudie cutie!

Doris is quoted as saying, "When you don't have money, you've got to have gimmicks." She made her words come to life with her next film *Nude on the Moon* (1961) which needs no further explanation. This film really came out at an auspicious time as people were intensely curious about the moon and it managed to propel her career as a filmmaker. She continued on making a number of nudie cutie films such as *Diary of a Nudist* (1961), *Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls* (1962) as well as a film starring voluptuous burlesque performer Blaze Starr in *Blaze Starr Goes Nudist* (1962) which is decidedly a favorite among Wishman fans. Alas, the nudie films had started to become old hat and a new kind of film was putting butts in the seats: the roughie.

To the uninitiated, roughies are sexually explicit thrillers leavened with violence and drama. These films constituted the same explorative nature, but gave Doris a chance to really cut her teeth on making a new sort of film with a bit more substance. She was now coming up with lurid titles to likes of *Bad Girls go to Hell* (1965) and *A Taste of Flesh* (1967) that sported wild and blaring taglines such as, "Possessed with sex, they know no shame!" and "Sex was her master! Lust was her destiny!" As the 60s faded out and the more lax 70s came

in, Doris started doing some films that really allowed her to make her dent in the film world. She did a wacky and outrageous film entitled *The Amazing Transplant* (1971) that concerns - man, I love this - a penis transplant from a dying man to a poor soul that just can't get it up! But perhaps the films that gave her the most recognition are the trio of movies where she employed stripper Chesty Morgan: the woman with the 73 inch bust! People came out in droves to ogle Chesty's anomalous bosom in the films *Double Agent 73* (1974) and *Deadly Weapons* (1974). Unfortunately, Chesty was a bit difficult to work with (Wishman was quoted as calling her a "monster") and her thick Polish accent required full dubbing, so she killed her off and decided to make a third film called *The Immoral Three* (1975) that was supposed to be Chesty's daughters out for revenge. Charlie's Angels anyone?

Soon thereafter, Doris dabbled in porn with the films *Satan Was a Lady* (1975) and *Come with Me My Love* (1976) before directing the controversial *Let Me Die a Woman* (1978). This was a documentary style film which contained gruesome footage of a sex-change operation that eventually led her to make the gory 1983 must-see-to-believe film *A Night to Dismember*. Doris then retired to Miami where she made the films *Satan Was a Lady* (not a remake of her porno, but an entirely new film), the comedy film *Dildo Heaven* (2001) and her last film completed posthumously called *Each Time I Kill* (2007). Doris Wishman succumbed to cancer on August 10th, 2002 in Miami, Florida.

Doris was a tremendous individual. It's true; her films were not "good" per se, but her films carry an innate character with them that shine through the lack of skill and display a sense of purpose. They are distinct in the way that her flaws were consistent; and in this consistency, her nuances emerged. That is truly a beautiful thing. Michael J. Bowen, film historian and ardent cinephile, has done a multitude of writings and interviews regarding Doris and is in the process of writing Doris's life. If this brief article has piqued your interest at all, I would highly suggest checking out what he has to say once the book has dropped. He is quoted as saying, "If Doris's cinema has taught me anything, it's that I should learn to be myself", and I couldn't agree more. But one thing Bowen never touches on is this: for the aspiring filmmaker, there is no better mentor than one who always acts on what inspires them, no matter what the outcome. That is all Doris ever did, and I couldn't ask for more. (JS)

Selected filmography for **DORIS WISHMAN**

HIDEOUT in the SUN (1960)

VHS: No apparent VHS release (recently found film)

DVD: Retro-Seduction Cinema (2007)

NUDE ON the MOON (1961)

VHS: VCI Home Video (1996)

DVD: Something Weird Video (2004)

BLAZE Starr goes NUDist (1962)

VHS: Something Weird Video (1977)

DVD: Something Weird Video (2004)

BAD GIRLS GO to HELL (1965)

VHS: Video Treasures (1977)

DVD: Something Weird Video (2000)

THE AMAZING TRANSPLANT (1971)

as Louis Silverman

VHS: Electric Video International (1981)

DVD: Something Weird Video (2001)

Let Me Die a WOMAN (1978)

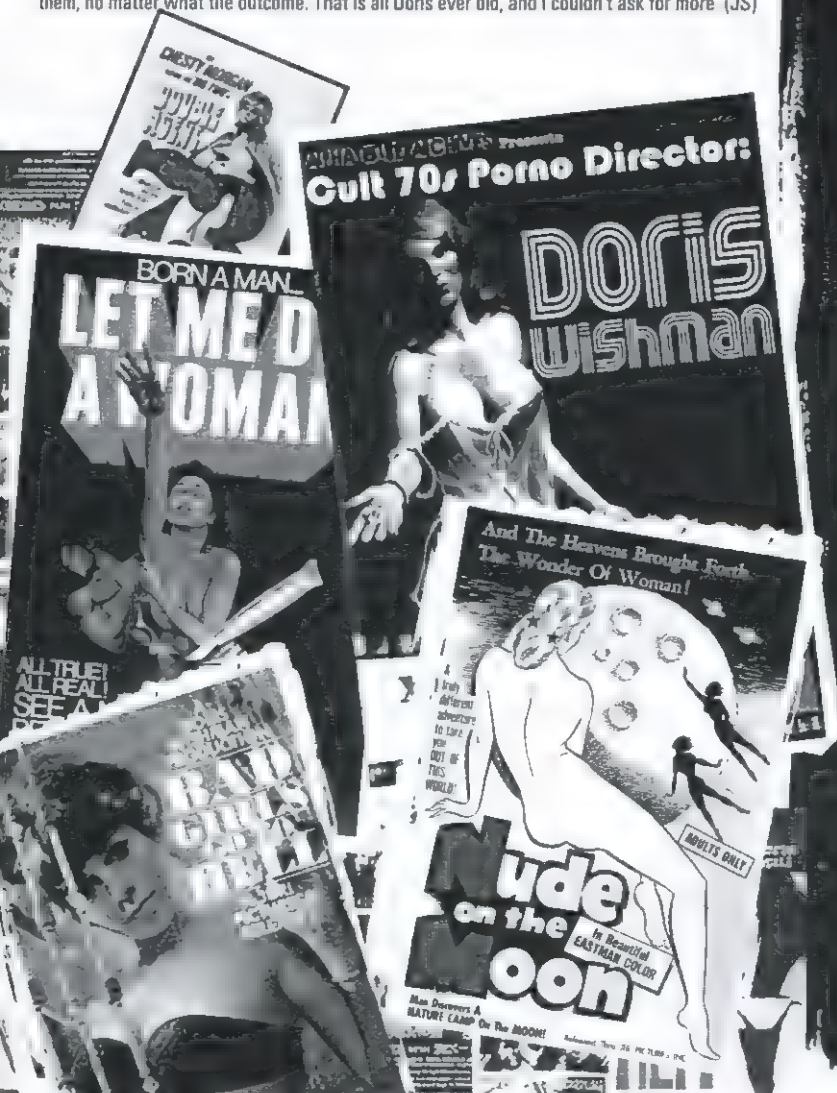
VHS: Something Weird Video (1993)

DVD: Synapse Films (2006)

A NIGHT to DISMEMBER (1983)

VHS: Gorgon Video (1989)

DVD: Elite Entertainment (2001)



Galaxies, Spaceships, Aliens, and Robots:

The Misfit Cinema of Luigi Cozzi

SELECTED FILMOGRAPHY FOR LUIGI COZZI

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD (1969)

No apparent English language release

THE NEIGHBOR FROM DOOR INTO DARKNESS (1973)

DVD: NOSHAME (2008)

THE KILLER MUST KILL AGAIN (1975)

DVD: Mondo Macabro (2004)

STARCRASH (1978) - as Lewis Coates

VHS: Charter Entertainment (1986)

DVD: BCI Eclipse (2008)

CONTAMINATION (1980) - as Lewis Coates

VHS: Paragon Productions (1980) - as Alien Contamination

VHS: Lettuce Entertain You (????) - as Toxic Spawn

DVD: Westlake Entertainment (2003) - as Alien Contamination

DVD: Blue Underground (2004)

HERCULES (1983) - as Lewis Coates

VHS: MGM/UA (????)

DVD: MGM/UA (2005)

THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES (1985) - as Lewis Coates

VHS: MGM/UA (1996)

DVD: MGM/UA (2005)

THE BLACK CAT (1989) - as Lewis Coates

No apparent English language release

PAGNINI HORROR (1989)

No apparent English language release

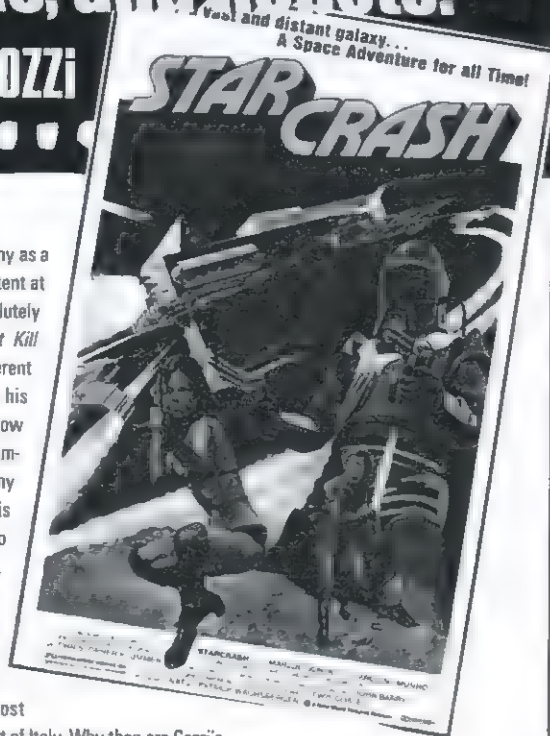
Luigi Cozzi's filmography as a director and writer is inconsistent at best, ranging from the absolutely magnificent (*The Killer Must Kill Again*) to the utterly incoherent (*Hercules II*). At a glance, his career looks like that of a low cost, low maintenance filmmaker willing to take on any project he could get. This is partly true; Cozzi was happy to take the work he could get, however, he always found a way to make sure creative control remained in his hands. The results are some of the strangest (and most

absurd) genre films to come out of Italy. Why then are Cozzi's films as a body of work interesting to fans and critics of Italian cinema? After all, there is hardly an ounce of originality to be found within his twenty year career, and one can hardly point to any widespread influence that his movies had on Italian film or fantastic cinema in general. When it comes to Italian exploitation, however, originality and influence seem like an afterthought compared with aesthetic power, an area where Cozzi was, at the very least, determined to make a mark.

Cozzi had been dedicated to sci-fi since he was young. The would-be director sold his first story at 16 and quickly established correspondences with well known pulp writers. He even made a micro-budget feature length adaptation of *The Tunnel Under the World*, a story written by his friend Frederik Pohl. This experimental film even achieved some recognition in the underground circuit. His dream was to make science-fiction like the American B-movies that he grew up with; unfortunately, this type of film was and still is virtually impossible to make in Italy. Still, every chance Cozzi got, from his early collaborations with Dario Argento, to his later Hercules epics, he managed to sneak in as much pulp sensibility as he could. The sheer range and creativity that Cozzi exercises while doing this creates a curious discourse on the Italian film industry, an institution that paradoxically provided its filmmakers with surprising creative freedom while simultaneously binding them to a strict set of rules.

The success of high-brow, big budget American sci-fi in the late 70s and early 80s like *Star Wars*, *Blade Runner*, and *Alien* did eventually open opportunities for commercial sci-fi in Italy and, like many other film makers, Cozzi hopped on the bandwagon. Cozzi's first commercial sci-fi film was a *Star Wars* copy called *Starcrash*. Aesthetically, many of the films spacecrafts look like they were from a poor man's *Star Wars*; however, the film's story is more of a throwback to Ray Harryhausen style epics. Less than subtle nods come in the form of sword wielding robots and a Talos mock-up who plays guardian to a planet of Amazons. Obviously the stop-motion is nowhere near as impressive as Harryhausen's, and the story is highly muddled, but somehow the fun is still there. Audiences apparently agreed considering it was the highest grossing film for Corman's New World Pictures at the time.

Two years later Cozzi had the opportunity to direct another sci-fi film called *Contamination*. This project was born as an *Alien* rip-off and was produced in the hope of achieving the same type of success that Fulci's *Zombie* saw in the wake of *Dawn of the Dead*. To capitalize, *Contamination* snatched up *Zombie* star Ian McCulloch for the lead and Cozzi headed down to South America with his crew to begin filming. Cozzi had no illusions about the fact that he was doing a rip-off; in fact, he still believes that the title should have been the explicitly literal *Alien Comes to Earth*.¹ However, Cozzi crafted a story loose-



ly around two elements borrowed from the Ridley Scott classic: eggs and exploding chests. The rest of the movie is about as purely 50's sci-fi as you can get featuring a lone scientist crusading against an evil invasion, a government conspiracy, soldiers in gas masks, etc. Stephen Thrower characterizes the film as "daft but engaging."² This is certainly a fair description, but its important not to downplay the "engaging." So many genre copies were hardly watchable, falling short in their attempt to mimic visual styles that were out of their league. *Contamination* shuns those requirements to take you on a purely enjoyable sci-fi ride and as a result the film stands with a few other notables like Larry Cohen's brilliant *The Stuff* as one of the few movies to adopt this stylistic choice in the 80's.

A disparity between the public's positive reaction to these movies and the producers' willingness to give Cozzi more sci-fi films makes his statement that Sci-fi was considered worse than pornography seem startlingly accurate. Despite the considerable success of these two films, Cozzi was still not able to make any other significant sci-fi movies in Italy. His pair of *Hercules* epics exploit a Harryhausen aesthetic similar to *Starcrash* while plugging robots and lasers in for the traditional hydras and swords. Again, this film is entertaining, but much more of the fun comes from its bizarre qualities than its narrative devices or effects. Cozzi spoke about this film as "science fiction in disguise," but unfortunately it wasn't quite good enough of a disguise.³

Perhaps Cozzi's most significant contribution to Italian sci-fi was also the one that wore the best disguise. This came during his early partnership with Dario Argento. Cozzi began work with Argento in a scenario that this writer is extremely jealous of. He was working as a film critic, and was apparently the only one interested in talking to Argento following the lackluster release of his first film, *The Bird With the Crystal Plumage*. The two became friends based on their mutual interests and Cozzi began working with the relatively obscure director on the script for *Four Flies on Grey Velvet*. Argento's second film, *The Cat O' Nine Tails* was a big success and in a matter of a few weeks Cozzi found himself as the right-hand man to one of Italy's hottest young directors. As it turns out, Cozzi's largest contribution to the story was the idea for the film's titular effect, a beautiful science fiction device stitched seamlessly within an otherwise realistic thriller.⁴ In the movie a recent advancement in science allows investigators to see the last image captured by the retina before death. When the authorities use this method on one of the movie's victims the image they obtain appears to be that of four flies. This enigmatic clue merely adds to the mystery until the true image is revealed in the finale. This was the first time that Argento had the courage to reach beyond the traditionally rigid structure of the mystery narrative and, furthermore, it was very well received. In this case, however, the device is more than simply a fun idea; it powerfully enhances the film's underlying theme of the instability of human perception.

It is interesting to note that Cozzi himself was very adept at directing suspense. This is evident in his masterpiece as a filmmaker, *The Killer Must Kill Again*, an intelligent, stylish, and gripping giallo from 1975, and in his 1973 contribution to Argento's short lived TV series *Door Into Darkness*, "The Neighbor" which, although toned down for television is still engaging. The incoherencies and amateurish qualities of the sci-fi films come from Cozzi's own over-anxiousness to jam them full with every sci-fi element he could fit, perhaps out of fear that it would be his last chance to work in the genre.

Cozzi's contributions to sci-fi run the gamut from the absolutely profound to the silly and outlandish; but most sci-fi fans will tell you that this range of functions is precisely what they love about the genre. Perhaps even more than its close cousin, horror, science fiction is capable of presenting powerful, thought provoking ideas as well as entertainment. Not only is it difficult to separate the two elements, but as masters like Bradbury, Asimov, Arnold, and Cronenberg have proven, when the genre is at its best it is downright impossible. It could be that the unpredictability and subtlety of the genre's symbolism is the very reason that the uninitiated have so much trouble with it. For Cozzi however, there was no alternative - his genre, as he plainly states was "galaxies, spaceships, aliens, and robots."⁵ Its shame that Italy never caught on, but thankfully we still have the videos. (TG)

¹ *Alien Arrives on Earth*, Dir. David Gregory, Blue Underground, 2003


² Thrower, Stephen. *Beyond Terror: The Films of Lucio Fulci*, England: FAB Press, 2002, p. 17.

³ *Alien Arrives on Earth*, Dir. David Gregory, Blue Underground, 2003.

⁴ Palmerini, Luca M. and Gaetano Mistretta, *Spaghetti Nightmare*, Key West: Fantasma Books, 1996, p. 35.

⁵ *Alien Arrives on Earth*, Dir. David Gregory, Blue Underground, 2003.





RUMMAGE RAID AND REJOICE!

THE DUBIOUS ART OF COLLECTING
AND PRESERVING THE VHS TAPE
BY JOSH SCHAFER

There is nothing quite like strolling through your seemingly everyday flea market or yard sale and happening upon a table chock full of priced-to-go VHS tapes. Oh, the wondrous gems that I have found resting next to piles of dingy unused Christmas cards and rusty saw blades. But in the heat of the moment, I have neglected to take these few, but so very important precautions when buying these chunks of plastic gold. Sure, these VHS tapes never go (or should never go) past the few dollar mark, but it's always good to ensure your investment. I would much rather buy a working movie than a VHS shaped paperweight, you know?

Keeping this in mind, I have decided to share with you fine cinephiles a few rules of thumb that I have learned and now customarily abide by when shopping for these reels of the weird and wonderful. I do hope that you find these tips the least bit useful while you are out on your next video purchasing excursion. And away we go!

First things first: when you finally spot that glorious table spilling over with a colorful array of VHS boxes, be sure that they are not baking out in the sun. The sun (and its drilling, torrid rays) is the bane of the VHS tape's existence. True, the vendor just might have gotten a raw deal in regards to the point of sale, but they should have enough smarts about them to know that putting tapes in the sun is certainly not conducive to the longevity of the video; however, this sort of situation happens all too frequently and VHS are a bit more durable than one might think. The best thing to do is see if the tape is warm to the touch. If it is, well, that's not a good sign. At this point, it would be best to ask the video monger if the tape has been in the sun long or how he/she stores them regularly. Another thing to remember: if the box is faded, it's probably been in the sun (or a comparable form of heat exposure) for a lengthy amount of time. I would be cautious of this also. In my own view, if the person seems amicable enough, I always, always ask about the tapes. How long they've had them, if they have watched them recently, stuff like that. It's always fun to learn the history of the tape; you can also make friends and get better deals!

Now if you find a big ol' box that is away from the peril of the sun, here is where you can really dig in. Of course, any titles containing attractive words such as blood, terror, babes, monsters, or if the box is adorned with some wickedly fantastic cover art, that's a no-brainer. It's also helpful to be familiar with the releasing companies of the time as you can usually tell the caliber (or lack thereof) of a movie by which company was releasing it (you can get a good look at a number of companies on our inside covers!). I would be careful with budget labels like Goodtime Video and Video Treasures. While these companies released some really terrific films, they weren't exactly concerned with the quality of the actual cassette. This is readily apparent when you actually hold one of these cheapies in your hand. It has about the same weight as a Nilla wafer. On the other hand, companies like Vestron and Magnum Entertainment have always used sturdy cassettes, and in my experience, hold up markedly better than the aforementioned companies releases. Now, after you go through and pick out all the winners, the next step is to make certain that the video inside the case is indeed the corresponding tape. Imagine that feeling when you just scored a sweet copy of Fulci's *White Fang* and you go home and prepare to pop it into your VCR only to find out it's a *Sweatin' to the Oldies Vol. 4* tape instead. Oh, the humanity! So remember, kiddies, always check the tape! Once you have the tape out of its box, it's time to inspect the tape itself. Be sure to look for any flaking inside the cassette. I have picked up a few videos with this particular flaw and the prints are always battered and don't last very long. If you can avoid it, avoid it. If you are all good on the flakes, shake the tape around a little. A little noise is fine, but if it sounds like a shoebox full of matchbox cars, put down the tape. That sound means that the tape is much too loose and that will most definitely affect the picture

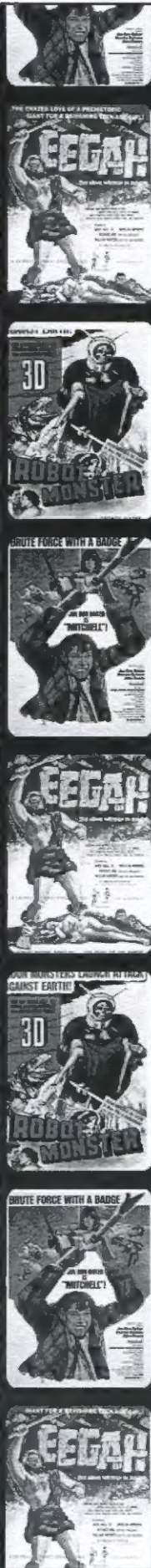
and sound quality. If these two things check out, then you can measure up the quality of the tape itself. Simple enough, right? Right!

After picking up some gummy worms and six-pack of brew-doggies you are now home and ready to view all of your newfound treasures. But wait, when you put on the video it jumps and sounds awful; bumper-rama, huh? Not necessarily. Play with the tracking button a bit. Just because you have auto-tracking doesn't mean it can handle an unruly 15 year old VHS tape. Still not working? Have no fear. When tapes sit for an extended period of time the magnetic tape will become loose and make the video appear to be ruined. This can usually be fixed by fast-forwarding the tape all the way through and rewinding all the way back. You may have to do it a couple of times, but it will tighten the tape back up and reduce, if not totally cure the tape of any imperfections. See? It's magic!

Now that you have reinvigorated your VHS, it's time to keep it that way. When you store your videos, the best way is to store them upright. This is to prevent any unneeded sagging of the actual tape which will lead to those nasty jumps. Also make sure to keep them in a cool, dry place. Humidity and heat are terrible for VHS tapes; they will ruin them with great celerity. Also, be sure to keep them away from any sort of magnets or other electronics. It may seem perfectly natural to keep your VHS on top of your T.V. or speakers (even I am guilty of this), but it can prove to be considerably detrimental to the tape.

After you are done watching your newly refreshed video, be sure to rewind it all the way and take it out of the VCR completely. When you leave your tape in the VCR it keeps the tape stretched out from the cassette and that can be extremely harmful to the tape if left like that for an extended period of time. And last, but certainly not least, always put your tapes back into the cases. The best are clamshell cases as they give the tape full protection from dust and mild temperature changes. Video stores picked this up quick; Hence, all the boxes cut into clamshells. Big boxes are just as good as clamshells; not to mention, they have some of the coolest aesthetic value of any VHS out there. I have a bit of a propensity for the big boxes! After your little slice of entertainment is tucked away, it's always good practice to run a cleaning tape through your machine about every 10 uses. This frequency should most definitely keep your machine running smooth and strong. Gotta love those cleaner tapes! You can even find ones with musical accompaniment!

Well, my fiends, that's about it. I hope you have learned a little something from this crash course. Even if it's just that gummy worms go great with beer, at least that's something. And remember, there are so many fantastic films that only exist on VHS. Let's be sure to take care of them. In return, they will take care of us. Keep those damn eyelids peeled and glued! ●





LUNCHMEAT LINKS OF DEATH



<http://www.teesfromthecrypt.com>

Now these guys offer a little more than your standard red and white on black horror T's. High quality shirts and superb taste in films. Besides horror, they also have some killer designs that are sure to please aficionados of the strange and unusual. The Pit shirt is absolutely fantastic!

<http://www.icansmellyourbrains.com>

This is an amazing site run by my buddy Danny; he is a stand-up guy and knows his shit when it comes to movies, music and media in general. This site is updated all the time and is always overflowing with hilarious, informative articles that always hit the spot. Cobra Commander for Prez!

<http://www.screamatorium-dvd.com>

These guys are my new heroes. So many rare and hard to find movies at your grimy fingertips. If you don't have a VCR, this is the place to go. All hail the Screamatorium!

<http://www.bthroughz.com>

Here is an online zine that is a total blast to read through. Updated once a month with a brand new issue, these guys and ghouls never skip on the meat. A haven for the horror and Halloween inclined. These guys have liquid candy corn running through their veins.

<http://www.x-entertainment.com>

How much fun can you fit into one site? A shit ton! Vintage 80s commercials, outstanding articles and just general nostalgia. Action figures, candy, toys, and games: what more can you ask for?

<http://www.coverbrowser.com>

Oodles and oodles of cover scans for hours upon hours of endless amusement. An unfathomable amount of cover scans ranging from cereal boxes, vinyl covers, pulps and tons of comics. This place will suck you in.

<http://www.trashpalace.com>

For the rarest and most obscure eurosleaze in all its glorious incarnations this site is your one stop shop. Our friend Brian at Trashpalace carries so many films on DVD, DVD-R, and VHS that you won't need to look anywhere else for a longtime, not to mention all the posters, lobby cards, toys, and music.

<http://www.radiation-sickness.net>

This site is put together by a kindred spirit of ours, completely dedicated to the obscure and esoteric - check it out now!

<http://www.itsonlyanovie.co.uk>

This site is truly awesome, not only is it a great resource for technical information on exploitation of all shapes and sizes but its collection of screenshots, coverscans, and wallpapers is absolutely mindblowing.

<http://www.survivetheoutbreak.com>

Remember choose-your-own-adventure books? what if they were movies... and what if they had zombies? get the idea?

<http://www.culttrailers.blogspot.com>

If you're looking for exploitation trailers this is the place, seriously... spend a whole day at this website - you can!



KEY VIDEO

AP
APPLAUSE
PRODUCTIONS
INC.

INTERGLOBAL
HOME VIDEO

MAGNUM
Entertainment

VISTA HOME VIDEO

THORN EMI
VIDEO



V
E
C

TAPEWORM
VIDEO DISTRIBUTOR

A CREATURE
FROM BEYOND
THE STARS
EVIL...
BEAUTIFUL...
DEADLY...!

SONY.

THE ASTOUNDING
MONSTER

TERRIBLE VIDEO

NEW WOR
VIDEO

CARL LAEMMLE
PRESENTS
"THE PHANTOM
OF THE OPERA"
LION CHANEY LION KERRY
CAST OF
LENOUX

VIDEO
GEMS

N.E.W
YORKER
VIDEO



ROBERT CLARKE • KENNETH COOPER • SHIRLEY KILPATRICK • EWING BROWN
Story and Screenplay by FRANK BALL

Showing JOHN HENRIKSEN
Directed by LIONEL LYNCH
A JOSEPH DYER
Production

WARNER
HOME
VIDEO

Midnight Video

"It is Round
a new type
of hell
THE BRIDE
OF SATAN!"

THIS WAS
THE DAY
THE
UNIVERSE
TREMBLED
Before the Great Forces
of the OUTER PLANET

PLANET OF THE
SPIRITS

CHARTER
ENTERTAINMENT

PARAGON
VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

SUPER
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